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DEVOUT

EXERCISES

OF

THE HEART,

IN MEDITATION AND SOLILOQUY, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

BY

The late pious and ingenious

MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

MEMOIRS of the AUTHOR,

WITH A PORTRAIT.

Reviewed and published, at her request,

BY I. WATTS, D. D.

ALCESTER:

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1809.

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BODLEIANA
OXONIENSIS

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LATE MRS. ROWE.

THIS extraordinary female, of whom the following is a slight sketch, was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, September 11, 1674.

It is recorded of her, that, at twelve years of age, she began to write poetry; and she as early discovered a taste to the sister art of painting; for when she had scarcely strength or steadiness of hand to guide the pencil she would squeeze out the juice of herbs to serve her instead of colours; this never ceased to be her amusement, at various intervals, until her death.

Her poetical performances, composed before she arrived at the age of twenty, introduced her to a no-

ble family at Long Leat, with which they were so highly delighted, as to express a curiosity for an interview; and the friendship that commenced subsisted ever afterwards. Her Paraphrase on the 38th chapter of Job, was wrote at the request of Bishop Kenn, and added to the reputation she had already acquired.

The Honourable Mr. Thynne, Son to Lord Weymouth, was her instructor in the French and Italian languages, who voluntarily took that office upon himself, and had the pleasure to see his fair pupil improve fast under his lessons, so that, in a few months, she was able to read Tasso with great facility. In the 22d year of her age, she published a collection of her poems.

Her shining merit with the charms of her person and conversation, had

procured her a great many admirers; among others the famous Matthew Prior is said to wish to have shared the pleasures and cares of life with her: she was the nameless lady of whom a copy of verses the above poet inscribed to her, which are to be found in his printed works. But Mr. Thomas Rowe was the person destined by heaven to make happy, and to be made happy by the most amiable female then existing.

This gentleman was perfect master of the Greek, Latin, and French languages: he was endowed with prodigious strength of memory, and an inexhaustible fund of wit; and had his life been spared for a few years longer, he would have shone in the republic of literature.

Providence so ordered it, that his thread of existence was to be but *short; before* the happy pair were

united five years, death dissolved the union. Well might she say, some time after, in writing to the Countess of Hertford, "I cannot wish your ladyship many happy new years. Indeed there is so small a share of happiness falls to the lot of the most favoured mortals, that I have some scruple of wishing any person a long life; unless they are such as I think may justly despair of mending their circumstances in the life to come." Mr. Rowe had little more than finished the 28th year of his age, when he died of a consumption, on the 13th of May, 1715.

The exquisite grief and affliction Mrs. Rowe felt for his loss, is described with beautiful and unaffected eloquence in a Monody she wrote on his death, which is deservedly ranked among the most admirable of *her poetical works*. She survived him

22 years, and continued to the last moments of her life, to express the highest veneration and affection for his memory. A very little time before her departure to heaven, she shewed how incapable she was of forgetting him, by shedding fresh tears on occasion of the mentioning of his name.

Soon after the decease of Mr. Rowe she indulged her inconquerable inclinations to solitude by retiring to Frome, where the greater part of her estate lay. When she forsook the metropolis, she determined to return to it no more, but to conceal the remainder of her life in retirement. This resolution she adopted, except at the earnest solicitude of some respected friends, she, on two or three occasions, was under the urgent necessity of dispensing with. It was in this recess that she composed the most celebrated of her

works, "Friendship in Death," in a course of letters. These elegant epistles exhibited Mrs. Rowe as a polite writer, the production was chaste and innocent, and had a direct tendency to the best interest of mankind.

In the year 1736, through the importunity of some of Mrs. Rowe's friends, she was prevailed upon to publish the "History of Joseph." Some part of it was written in the early part of life; the last additional two books, to complete the history, was no more than the labour of three or four days: this part was her last work, and was published but a few weeks before her death.

This much wished for event, on her part, and which she so much habituated herself for, befel her according to her wish, in her beloved recess. Six months previous to her decease, she was attacked with a dangerous distemper, and lamented to

an intimate friend, that on the near approach of death, she did not find herself so much composed as she could wish. Her fears, though sharp, were short; the Divine Spirit, after a little season, filled her with gladness unspeakable, by witnessing to her soul the interest which God's free grace had given her in the atonement and mediation of him who died for sinners. Under these assurances, she experienced such repose and triumph, that she acknowledged, with tears of joy, that she knew not that she had ever felt the like in her life. She repeated, on this happy occasion, Mr. Pope's verses, entitled, "The dying Christian to his Soul," with such exalted transport which breathes in that exquisite piece of sacred poetry.

After this threatening illness, Mrs. Rowe recovered her usual good state of health, though at the time of her

death she had nearly numbered sixty-two years. On the day in which she was seized with that distemper, which in a few hours proved mortal, she seemed to those about her, to be in perfect health and vigour. About eight in the evening she conversed with a friend with all her usual vivacity, and not without laughter; afterwards she retired to her chamber. About ten, her servant hearing some noise in her mistress's room, ran instantly into it, and found her fallen off the chair on the floor, speechless, and in the agonies of death. A physician and surgeon were immediately called in, but all the means used were without success. After heaving one groan, a few minutes before two o'clock on Sunday morning, her disimprisoned spirit took its flight to the realms of bliss and glory. *Her disease* was supposed to be an

apoplexy. A pious book was found lying by her, as also some loose papers on which she had written. The following unconnected sentences were apparently guided by her trembling hand, at the approach of death :—

" O guide, and counsel, and protect my soul from sin;
O speak! and let me know thy heavenly will,
Speak evidently to my listening soul!
O fill my soul with love, and light, and peace,
And whisper heav'nly comfort to my soul!
O speak, celestial Spirit, in the strain
Of love and heav'nly pleasure to my soul! "

Thus it appeared, that in reading pious meditations, or forming devout ejaculations for the divine favour and assistance, Mrs. Rowe made the last use of the powers of reason below the skies.

She often wished and prayed for a sudden dissolution, and God was pleased to grant her the request of her heart.

A friend of her's, several years ago, expressed himself thus, in a

letter occasioned by the decease of this most extraordinary lady: "Though her death," says he, "be universally lamented, yet the manner of it is rather to be esteemed a part of her happiness. One moment to enjoy this life, the next, or after a pause we are not sensible of, to find ourselves with God, or employed, and got beyond, not only the fears of death, but death itself, and in possession of everlasting life, and health, and pleasure. This moment to be devoutly addressing ourselves to God, or employed in delighiful meditations on his perfections; the next in his presence, and surrounded with scenes of bliss perfectly new, and unspeakably joyous, is a way of departing out of life to be desired, not dreaded by ourselves, and felicitated, not condoled by our surviving friends. When all things are

in readiness for our removal out of the world, it is a privilege to be spared the sad ceremony of parting, and all the pains and struggles of feeble nature."

Mr. Toplady, a kindred spirit now, with this angel in light, commenting upon the above reflection, most wisely expresses himself in the following language: "Dost thou ask, O converted reader, which is best? To be snatched to heaven in a moment or two; or to be thrown on a lingering bed, and so, if the Lord please, be able to bear some testimony to his love, power and faithfulness? I answer, Leave the whole matter to him. If possible, do not entertain a wish either one way or the other. Be this your petition—

"Only receive my soul to thee
"The manner and the time be thine."

She was buried, according to her request, under the same stone with her father, in the meeting-house at Frome. Her funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Bowden, to whom she left a particular charge, that he should not say one word about her in the whole of his discourse.

The charities of Mrs. Rowe to the poor were astonishing; the first time she accepted a gratification from a bookseller, she bestowed the whole sum on a family in distress. She consecrated half of her yearly income to charitable uses, and had the happy art, while she softened adversity, it was her study to spare the blush.

With regard to her religious principles, she was a doctrinal Calvinist; and shone an eminent trophy to that distinguishing and efficacious grace which she so richly *experienced*, and always will when

received into the heart, diffuse its sanctifying power throughout the practical walk, as it did in her's.

Persons who wish to shut out all feelings in religion, have objected at her writings, as leaning to what they sneeringly style the "amourous." Job Orton found fault with Dr. Watts for the same. With all submission to those fastidious gentlemen, we certainly are of opinion, that they who have drank in those streams which make glad the city of God, their thirst will continue to increase until they get at the fountain head. We must confess she was a woman of uncommon ideas; for in her contemplating the perfections of Deity, as held forth in the covenant of redemption, she seems to affix no rule to taste or genious. Transported with joy and delight, she seems almost to travel to

heaven to fetch new ideas. Warn herself with her *one* subject sh warms and ravishes her reader. Sh was happily blest with a correctiv for overheated enthusiastic extrava gancies, by having, as a counter poise to an embellished fancy, strong understanding.

PREFACE.

THE admirable Author of these devotional papers has been in high esteem among the ingenious and polite, since so many excellent fruits of her pen, both in verse and prose, have appeared in public. She was early honoured under the feigned name of Philomela, before the world was allowed to know Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, by the name drawn from her family, or that of Mrs. Rowe, which she acquired by marriage.

Though many of her writings that were published in her life-time discover a pious and heavenly temper, and a warm zeal for religion and virtue, yet she chose to conceal the devotions of her heart till she got

beyond the censure and the applause of mortals. It was enough that God, whom she loved with ardent and supreme affection, was witness to all her secret and intense breathings after him.

In February last he was pleased to call her out of our world, and take her to himself. Some time after her decease, these manuscripts were transmitted to me, all inclosed in one sheet of paper, and directed to me at Newington, by her own hand.

These devout exercises are animated with such fire as seems to speak the language of holy passion, and discovers them to be the dictates of her heart; and those who were favoured with her chief intimacy will most readily believe it. The style, I confess, is raised above that of common meditation or soliloquy; but, let it be remembered, she was no common

Christian. As her virtues were sublime, so her genius was bright and sparkling, and the vivacity of her imagination had a tincture of the muse almost from her childhood. This made it natural to her to express the inward sentiments of her soul in more exalted language, and to paint her own ideas in metaphor and rapture, near a-kin to the diction of poetry.

The reader will here find a spirit dwelling in flesh, elevated into divine transports, congenial to those of angels and unbodied minds. Her intense love to her God, kindles at every hint, and transcends the limit of mortality. I scarce ever met with any devotional writings which gave us an example of a soul, at special seasons, so far raised above every thing, that is not immortal and divine.

Yet she is conscious of her frailties She sometimes confesses her folly and guilt in the sight of God, in the most af ing language of a deep humiliation. with a pathetic sensibility of her weakı and in the strongest language of self- placence, she bewails her offences ag her Creator and Redeemer; and, in hei tervals of darkness, she vents her pai complaints and mournings, for the absen her highest and best beloved.

In common life she was affable friendly with persons of every rank degree; and, in her later years, as drew nearer to heaven, if she avoided thing, it was grandeur and public app ances on earth. But she never so (cealed and abstracted herself from society of any of her follow-creature to despise the meanest of her species. ever was kind and compassionate to

distressed, and largely liberal to the indigent. Nor did she neglect the daily duties of human life, under a vain imagination that she moved in a higher sphere, and was seraphically exalted above them.

In short, there is nothing in these papers that can justly support any such kind of censures, though men of corrupt minds may cover the Bible itself with slander and ridicule. Let all such readers stand aloof, nor touch these sacred leaves, lest they pollute them.

Though there is not one complete copy of verses among all these transports of her soul, yet she ever carried with her a relish of poesy even into her sacred retirements. Sometimes she springs her flight from a line or two of verse, which her memory had impressed upon her heart; sometimes, from the midst of her religious elevations,

she lights down upon a few lines of some modern poet, even Herbert, as well as Milton, &c. though it is but seldom she cites their names; at other times the verses seem to be the effusion of her own rapturous thoughts in sudden melody and metre, or at least I know not whence the lines are copied; but she most frequently does me the honour to make use of some of my writings in verse, in these holy meditations of her heart. Blessed be that God who has so far favoured any thing my pen could produce, as to assist so sublime a devotion.

From the different appearances of the paper and ink in some of these pieces, as well as from the early transcripts of several of them among her friends, it is evident they were written in her younger days; others are of a much later original, though there is but one that bears a date,

and that is April 30, 1735. They seem to have been penned at special seasons and occasions throughout the course of her life. A few of them bear the corrections or additions of her own pen, which discovers itself by a little difference of the hand-writing.

Though she was never tempted away from our common Christianity, into the fashionable apostacies of the age, yet I am well informed, from many hands, that in her later years she entered with more zeal and affection into some of the peculiar doctrines of the gospel; and it is evident that some of these devotional pieces have a more evangelic turn than others, and probably most of those were composed or corrected in the latter part of life. The opposition which has of late been made to some of these truths, gave occasion to her farther search into them, and her zeal for

them. However, I have placed these papers all as I found them pinned up in a wrapping paper, though it is evident from plain circumstances, that is not the order in which they were written, nor is that of any great importance.

Though these writings give us the aspirations of a devout soul in her holy retirements, when she had no design to present the public with them, yet they did not want a great deal of adjustment or correction in order to see the light. The numbers and the titles are added by the publisher, as well as the breaks and pauses, which give a sort of rest to the reader's mind, and make the review more easy. Here and there a too-venturous flight is a little moderated; sometimes a meditation or a sentence is completed, which seemed very imperfect, or a short line or two inserted to introduce the sense, where the

language seemed too abrupt, or the meaning too obscure. Her soul had a large set of ideas in present view, which made every expression she used easy and perspicuous to herself, when she wrote only for her own use, though sometimes her entire sense might not be quite so obvious to every reader, without a little introduction into her tract of sentiments. Upon the whole, I must acknowledge I was very unwilling that this excellent work should lose any degree of elegance or brightness by passing through my hands.

When the manuscript came first under my hand, I read it over with the eyes of a critic and a friend, that I might publish it with honour to the hand that wrote it, and with religious entertainment and advantage to the world; nor was this employment destitute of its proper satisfaction. But never did I feel the true

pleasures of these meditations till I had finished this labour of the head, and began to read them over again as "devout exercises of the heart:" then I endeavoured to enter more entirely into the spirit of the pious author, and attempted to assume her language as my own. But how much superior was the satisfaction which I received from this review, especially wheresoever I had reason to hope I could pronounce her words with sincerity of soul! How happily did this raise and entertain all my pleasing passions, and give me another sort of delight than the dry critical perusal of them, in order to judge concerning their propriety! But I confess also it was an abasing and mortifying thought when I found how often I was constrained to drop the sublime expression from my lips, or forbid my tongue to use it, because my own attainments sunk so far beneath those sacred elevations

of spirit, and fell so far short of those transcendent degrees of divine affection and zeal.

Let me persuade all those that peruse this book, to make the same experiment that I have done; and when they have shut out the world, and are reading in their retirements, let them try how far they can speak this language, and assume these sentiments as their own; and, by aspiring to follow them, may they find the same satisfaction and delight, or at least, learn the profitable lessons of self-abasement and holy shame: and may a noble and glorious ambition excite in their breasts, a sacred zeal to emulate so illustrious an example! Whatsoever ardours of divine love have been kindled in a soul united to flesh and blood, may also be kindled by the same influences of grace in other spirits labouring under the same clogs and impediments.

But, perhaps, it will be necessary here to give a caution to some humble christians, that they would not make these higher elevations of piety and holy joy, the test and standard by which to judge of the sincerity of their own religion. Ten thousand saints are arrived at Paradise, who have not been favoured, like St. Paul, with a rapture into the third heaven, nor could ever rise to the affectionate transports and devout joys of Mrs. Rowe.

That the publication of this little book may be favoured with the Divine Blessing, for this happy end, is the sincere desire and request of the publisher, as it was the real motive of the ingenious and pious writer to commit them by my hand to the public view.

I. W.

EXERCISES

OF

THE HEART, &c.

I

SUPREME LOVE TO GOD.

WHY, O my God! must this mortal structure put so great a separation between my soul and thee! I am surrounded with thy essence, yet I cannot perceive thee! I follow thee, and trace thy footsteps in heaven and earth, yet I cannot overtake thee; thou art before me, and I cannot reach thee; and behind me, and I perceive thee not.

O thou, whom, unseen, I love, by what powerful influence dost thou attract my soul? The eye has not seen, nor the ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man, to conceive what thou art; and yet

I love thee beyond all that mine eye hath seen, or my ear heard; beyond all that my heart can comprehend. Thou dwellest in the heights of glory, to which no human thoughts can soar, and yet thou art more near and intimate to my soul than any of the objects of sense. These ears have never heard thy voice, and yet I am better acquainted with thee, and can rely on thee with more confidence than on the dearest friend I have on earth.

My heart cleaves to thee, O Lord, as its only refuge, and finds in thee a secret and constant spring of consolation. I speak to thee with the utmost confidence, and think thy being my greatest happiness. The reflection on thy existence and greatness recreates my spirits, and fills my heart with alacrity; my soul overflows with pleasure; I rejoice, I triumph, in thy independent blessedness and absolute dominion. Reign, O my God, for ever, glorious and uncontrouled!

I, the worm of the earth, would join my assent with the infinite orders above, with all thy flaming ministers who rejoice in thy kingdom and glory.

Tho' not with them, thy happier race, allow'd
To view the bright unveil'd divinity:
(By no audacious glance from mortal eyes
These mystic glories are to be profan'd;)
But yet I feel the same immortal flame,
And love thee, tho' unseen.

I love thee.—Thus far I can speak, but all the rest is unutterable; and I must leave the pleasing tale untold, till I can talk in the language of immortality; and then I'll begin the transporting story, which shall never come to an end, but be still and still beginning: for thy beauties, O thou fairest of ten thousand! will still be new, and shall kindle fresh ardour in my soul to all eternity. The sacred flame shall rise, nor find any limits till thy perfections find a period.

I love thee;—and, O thou, that knowest all things, read the characters that love has engraven on my heart! What excellence but thine, in heaven or earth, could raise such aspirations of soul, such sublime and fervent affections, as those I feel? What could fix my spirit but boundless perfection? What is there else for whose sake I could despise all created glory? Why am I not at rest here among

sensible enjoyments? Whence arise the importunate longings, these infinite d sires? Why does not the complete cre tion satisfy, or at least delude me with dream of happiness; Why do not the o jects of sense awake more ardent sen ments than things distant and invisibl Why should I, "who say to corruptic Thou art my father," aspire after an uni with the immense Divinity?

Ye angels of God, who behold his fa explain to me the sacred mystery! t me how this heavenly flame began! u riddle its wondrous generation! W hath animated this mortal frame w celestial fire, and given a clod of ea this divine ambition? What could kin it but the breath of God, which kindl up my soul? and to thee, its amiable O ginal, it ascends; it breaks through created perfection, and keeps on its r sistless course to the first pattern beauty.

Ye flowery varieties of the earth, a you sparkling glories of the skies, yo blandishments are vain, while I pursue excellence that casts a reproach on your glory. I would fain close my ey on all the various and lovely appearanc

you present, and would open them on a brighter scene. I have desires which nothing visible can gratify, to which no material things are suitable. O when shall I find objects more entirely agreeable to my intellectual faculties! My soul springs forward in pursuit of a distant good, whom I follow by some faint ray of light, which only glimmers by short intervals before me: O when will it disperse the clouds, and break out in full splendour on my soul!

But what will the open vision of thy beauties effect, if, while thou art but faintly imagined, I love thee with such a sacred fervour! to what blessed heights shall my admiration rise, when I shall behold thee in full perfection; when I shall see thee as thou art, exalted in majesty, and complete in beauty! how shall I triumph then in the glory, and in the privileges of my own being! what ineffable thoughts will rise, to find myself united to the all-sufficient Divinity, by ties which the sons of men have no names to express, by an engagement which the revolution of eternal years shall not dissolve! The league of nature shall be broken, and the laws of the mingled elements be cancelled, but my relation to the almighty God shall

them than thou meanest to fulfil. Miserable man can bring no advantage to thee, nor has he any thing to claim from thee. By what benefit has he prevented thee? By what right can he demand the least of thy favours? Thy engagements are all free and unconstrained; founded on thy own beneficence, and not on the merits of thy creature. While I consider this my expectations rise, I set on limits to my hopes; I look up with confidence and call thee *my Father*, and with an humble faith, I claim every advantage that tender name imports. My heart confides in thee with stedfastness and alacrity; fear and distrust are inconstant with my thoughts of the beneficence of thy nature.

Every name and attribute by which thou hast revealed thyself to man, con firms my faith. Thy life, thy being, engaged: I may as well question thy e istence as thy faithfulness; as sure thou art, thou art just and true. protestations of the most faithful frien have cannot give me half the consola that thy promises give me. I hear man with diffidence. I bid my sou ware of trusting false mortality; *hear* thy voice with joy and full assu

Thy words are not writ on sand, nor scattered by the fleeting winds, but shall stand in force when heaven and earth shall be no more. Eternal ages shall not diminish their efficacy, nor alter what the mouth of the Lord hath spoken. I believe, I believe with the most perfect assent: I know that "thou art, and that thou art a rewarder of them that diligently seek thee;" I feel the evidence, for thou hast not left thyself without a witness in my heart.

III.

LONGING AFTER THE ENJOYMENT OF GOD.

MY God, to thee my sighs ascend; every complaint I make ends with thy name: I pause, I dwell on the sound, I speak it over again, and find that all my cares begin and end in thee. I long to behold the supreme beauty. I pant for the fair original of all that is lovely; for beauty that is yet unknown, and for intellectual pleasures yet untasted.

My heart aspires, my wishes fly beyond the bounds of creation, and despise all that mortality can present me with. I was formed for celestial joys, and find myself capable of the entertainments of angels. Why may I not begin my heaven below, and taste at least of the springs of pleasure that flow from thy right hand for ever?

Should I drink my fill, these fountains are still exhaustless; millions of happy souls quench their infinite desires there; millions of happy orders of beings gaze on thy beauty, and are made partakers of thy blessedness; but thou art still undiminished: no liberality can waste the store of thy perfection; it has flowed from eternity, and runs for ever fresh; and why must I perish for want?

My thirsty soul pines for the waters of life: Oh! who will refresh me with the pleasurable draught! How long shall I wander in this desert land, where every prospect is waste and barren! I look round me in vain, and still sigh unsatisfied. Oh! who will lead me to the still waters, and make me repose in green pastures, where the weary are for ever at *rest!* How tedious are the hours of *expectation!*

Come Lord my head doth burn, my heart is sick,
While thou dost ever stay;
Thy long deferring, wounds me to the quick,
My spirit graspeth night and day.
O shew thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee.

Dispatch thy commission; give me my work and activity to perform it; and let me, as a hireling, fulfil my day. Lord, it is enough; *what am I better then my fathers?* they are dead, and I am mortal.

I'm but a stranger and a pilgrim here
In these wild regions, wand'ring and forlorn,
Restless and sighing for my native home,
Longing to reach my weary space of life,
And to fulfil my task. O haste the hour
Of joy and sweet repose! Transporting hope!

Lord, here I am, waiting for thy commands, attending thy pleasure; O speak, and incline my ear to hear; give me my work, let me finish it, and gain my dismission from this body of sin and death, this hated clog of error and guilt, of corruption and vanity. Oh! let me drop this load, and bid these scenes of guilt a final adieu!

"I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord;" when wilt thou let me into thy holy habitation? How long shall I pine at this distance from thee? What can I speak to shew thee my pain, to utter my anguish, when I fear the loss of my God? O speak an assuring word, and confirm my hope!

Transporting moment! when wilt though appear
To crown my hopes, and banish all my fear?

Again, O my Father, and my eternal Friend, I breath out my requests to thee in this land of fatigue and folly! What is this life, but a sorry, tiresome round, a circle of repeated vanities. Happiness has never been seen in it since sin and folly entered; all is empty appearance, or vain labour, or painful vexation.

Suffic'd with life, my languid spirits faint,
And fain would be at rest. O let me enter
Those sacred seats; and after all the toil
Of life, begin an everlasting sabbath!

Yet again, O Lord, I ask leave to tell thee, "I have waited for thy salvation," and hourly languished after the habitations

of my God. My heart grows sick, and I almost expire under these delays. What have I here to keep me from thee! what to relieve the tedious hours of absence? I have pronounced all below the sun vanity and vexation; all insipid and burdensome. Amidst health and plenty, friends and reputation, thou art my only joy, my highest wish, and my supreme delight. On thee my soul fixes all her hopes; there I rest in a celestial calm. O let it not be broken with earthly objects; let me live unmolested with the cares or delights of sense.

.....O let me flee
From all the world, and live alone to thee,

IV.

GOD MY SUPREME, MY ONLY HOPE.

Why do I address thee, my God, with no more confidence? Why do I indulge these remains of unbelief, and harbour these returns of infidelity and distrust?

in long succession, hath cc
cords of thy glory. " In
thou hast been our dwell
fathers trusted in thee, an
ed, They have encouraged
experience has encouraged
thee for ever.

The sun may fail to rise, a
expect its light? but thy tr
fulness, cannot fail; the cc
may be reversed, and all b
but thou art immutable, a
by any change, deceive the
that trust in thee. I ado
and subscribe to thy goodne

Therefore I apply myself immediately to thee, and renounce all the terror and all the confidence that may rise from heaven or earth besides.

Not from the dust my joys or sorrows spring:
Let all the baleful planets shed
Their mingled curses round my head,
Their mingled curses I despise,
Let but the great th'eternal King
Look through the clouds, and bless me with his eyes.

Let him bless me and I shall be blessed: blessed without reserve or limitation; blessed in my going out and coming in, in my sitting down and rising up; blessed in time, and blessed to all eternity. That blessing from thy lips will influence the whole creation, and attend me wherever I am. It shall go before me as a leading light, and follow me as my protecting angel. When I lie down it will cover me. I shall rest beneath the shadow of the Most High, and dwell safely in the secrets of his tabernacle.

"Thy kingdom ruleth over all, O Lord! and thou dost according to thy will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabi-

tants of the earth." I confess and acknowledge thy providence. The ways of man are not at his own disposal, but all his goings are ordered by thee; all events are in thy hands, and thou only canst succeed or disappoint his hopes. If thou blow on his designs, thy are for ever blasted; if thou bless them, neither earth nor hell can hinder their success; therefore I apply myself immediately to thee, for not all created power can assist me without thee.

Hence, from my heart, ye idols flee,
Ye sounding names of vanity!
No more my tongue shall sacrifice
To chance and nature, tales and lies:
Creatures without a God, can yield me no supplies.

Not all the power of man or earth, nor angels nor saint in heaven, can help or relieve me in the least exigence, if my God hide himself, and stand afar off from me. Second causes are all at thy direction, and cannot aid me till commissioned by thee.

Lord, when my thoughful soul surveys
Fire, air, and earth and stars, and seas,
I call them all thy slaves:
Commission'd by my Father's will
Poison shall cure, or balm shall kill;
Vernal suns, or zephyr's breath,
May burn or blast the plants to death
That sharp December saves.

What can winds or planets boast
But a precarious pow'r?
The sun is all in darkness lost
Frost shall be fires and fire be frost,
When he appoints the hour.

At thy command nature and necessity are no more; all things are alike easy to a God. Speak but thou the word, and my desires are granted: say, "Let there be light," and there shall be light. Thou canst look me into peace, when the tumult of thoughts raise a storm within. Bid my soul be still, and all its tempests shall obey thee.

I depend only on thee; do thou smile, and all the world may frown: do thou succeed my affairs, and I shall fear no obstacle that earth or hell can put in my way. Thou only art the object of my fear and all my desires are directed to thee

Human things have lost their being and their names, and vanish into nothing before thee; they are but shades and diguises to veil the active Divinity. Oh! let me break through all these separations, and see and confess the great, the governing Cause. Let no appearance of created things, however specious, hide thee from my view; let me look thro' all to thee, nor cast a glance of love or hope below thee. With a holy contempt let me survey the ample round of the creation as lying in the hollow of thy hand, and every being in heaven and on earth as immoveable by the most potent cause in nature, till commissioned by thee to do good or hurt. O let thy hand be with me to keep me from evil, and let me abide under the shadow of the Almighty; I shall be secure in thy pavillion To thee I fly for shelter from all the ills of mortality.

V

GOD A PRESENT HELP, AND EVER NEAR.

THOU wast found of me, O my God! when I sought thee not, and wilt thou fly me when I seek thee? Am I giving my breath to the wind, and scattering my petitions in the air? Is it a vain thing to call upon God, and is there no profit in crying to the Almighty? "Art thou a God afar off, and not near at hand?" Is there any place exempt, from thy presence, any distance whence my cries cannot reach thee? Can any darkness hide me from thy eyes? or is there a corner of the creation unvisited by thee? Dost thou not fill heaven and earth, and am I not surrounded by thy immensity!

Are my disires unknown to thee? or is there a thought in my heart concealed from thee? Dost not thou that hast formed the ear, hear? Canst thou forget the work of thine own hand? or, retired far in the heavens, full of thine own happiness, canst thou leave thy creation to misery and disorder, helpless and hopless? Are the ways of man at his own disposal, and his paths undirected by thee? Is calling on

the living God no more than worshipping a dumb idol? Canst thou, like them, disappoint and mock thy adorers?

Art thou unacquainted with the extent of thy own power, that thou shouldest promise beyond thy ability to perform? or art thou "as a man, that thou shouldest lie,—or the sun of man, that thou shouldest repent?" Is thy faithfulness uncertain, and thy power precarious? Are those perfections imaginary for which men adore thee, and thy gracious names insignificant titles? "Do the children of men in vain put their trust under the shadow of thy wings? Art not thou a present help in the time of trouble?" and is there no security in the secret places of the Most High? Whither then shall I look in my distress? to whom shall I direct my prayer? from whom shall I expect relief, is there no help in God for me?

But, oh! what unrighteousness have my fathers ever found in thee? what injustice can I charge thee with? what breach of truth, or want of pity? Have the records of thy actions ever been stained with the breach of faithfulness? Art thou not my only hope, and my long experienced support? Have I ever found

help from the creatures when thou hast failed me? Have I, or can I have a greater certainty than thy word to depend on? Can any other power defend or deliver like thee? Thou art "a rock, and thy work is perfect; for all thy ways are judgment: a God of truth, and without iniquity: just and right art thou. With my last breath I will witness to thy truth and faithfulness, and declare thy goodness to the children of men.

GOD AN ALL SUFFICIENT GOOD, AND MY ONLY HAPPINESS.

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night!

Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

Where can I hope to meet such joys as thy smiles have given me? where can I find pleasure so sincere and unallayed? When I have enjoyed the light of thy countenance, and the sense of thy love, has not all my soul been filled? Have I found any want or emptiness? Has there been any room left for desire, or any prospect beyond, besides the more perfect enjoyment of my God? Have not all the glories of the world been darkened, and turned into blackness and deformity? How poor, how contemptible have they appeared! or rather have they not all disappeared and vanished as dreams and shadows in the noon of day, and under the blaze of sun beams?

I have never found satisfaction in any thing but in God; why then do I wander from him? why do I leave the fountain of living waters for broken cisterns! why do I abandon the full ocean in search of shallow streams! What account can I give for folly like this? I can promise myself nothing from the creature; those expectations shall deceive no more. Tis thou my God, thou art the only object of my hopes and desires; it is thou only canst make *me happy.*

If thou frown; my being is a curse, thy indignation is hell with all its terrors. Let me never feel that, and I defy all things to make me miserable. I seem independent on all nature, to thee only I apply myself. Hear me thou beneficent Author of my being, thou support of my life; to thee I direct my wishes, those desires which thou wilt approve, while I ask but the happiness I was created to enjoy. Oh! fix all my expectations on thee, and free me from this leviety and inconstancy.

Look gently down, almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thy embrace;
Pity the heart that would be thine,
And let thy pow'r my love confine.

Suffer me never to start from thee: such a confinement were sweeter than liberty: "Thy yoke is easy, and thy burden light." I shall bless the chain that binds me to thee.

Oh! give me such a view of thy beauty as shall fix my volatile heart for ever; such a view as shall determine all its motions, and be a constant conviction how unreasonable it is to wander from thee.

Is it that I relish any thing beyond th
love! Oh! no. I appeal even to thee, wh
canst not be deceived, and knowest the i
most secrets of my soul. Thou know
where the balance of my love falls, a
that my wanderings are not deliberat
that it is not by choice that I forsake the
I grieve, I sigh for my folly: should
thou forgive me, I can never forgive m
self, for I know it is inexcusable.

I want nothing when I am possessed
thee! without thee I want all things. Tho
art the centre of my passions; I have n
hope but what is thine, no joy, but wha
flows from thee: my greatest fears ar
those of losing thee; my inmost care is to
secure thy favour. This is the subject o
my deepest anxiety: every sigh I breathe
ends in thy name: and that lov'd name
alone allays every anguish of my soul, and
calms its wildest tempests.

From thy frowns or favour all my joy
or sorrows spring: thy frowns can make
me infinitely miserable, thy favour can
make me infinitely blessed. I can defy hell

and smile in the face of death, whilst I can call thee mine. My God! still let me bless the sound, and part with all things, rather than renounce my property in thee; let me hold it to my last breath, and claim it with my expiring sighs.

Secure of thee, nothing can terrify my soul; all is peaceful and serene within, eternal love, and immortal pleasure; I desire no more; imagination stops here, and all my wishes are lost in eternal plenty. My God; more cannot be asked, and with less I should be infinitely miserable. The kingdoms of the skies should not buy my title to thee and thy love; the blessedness of all creatures is complete here, for God himself is blessed in himself for ever.

What can I add? for all my words are faint,
Celestial love no eloquence can paint;
No more can be in mortal sounds exprest,
But vast eternity shall tell the rest.

VII

A COVENANT WITH GOD.

Incomprehensible Being! who "searchest the heart, and triest the reins of the children of men," who knowest my sincerity, and my thoughts are all unveiled to thee! I am surrounded with thine immensity; thou art a present, though invisible, witness of the solemn affair I am now engaged in. I am now taking hold of my strength that I may make peace with thee; and entering into articles with the Almighty God. These are the happy days long since predicted, when "one shall say, I am the Lords, and another shall call himself by the name of Israel, and another shall subscribe with his hand to the Lord; and I will be their God, and they shall be my sons and my daughters, saith the Lord Jehovah."

With the most thankful sincerity I take hold of this covenant, as it is more fully manifested and explained in thy gospel by Jesus Christ; and humbly accepting thy proposals, I bind myself to thee by a sa-

cred and everlasting obligation. By a free and deliberate action, I do hereby ratify the articles which where made for me in my baptism, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; I religiously devote myself to thy service, and entirely submit myself to thy conduct. I renounce the glories and the vanities of the world, and choose thee as my happiness, my supreme felicity, and everlasting portion. I make no articles with thee for any thing besides: deny or give me what thou wilt, I will never repine while my principal treasure is secure. This is my deliberate, my free and sincere determination; a determination which, by thy grace, I will never retract.

Oh! thou, by whose power alone I shall be able to stand, "put thy fear in my heart, that I may never depart from thee. Let not the world, with all its flatteries, nor death, nor hell, with all their terrors, force me to violate this sacred vow. Oh! let me never live to abandon thee, nor draw the impiouus breath that would deny thee.

And now let surrounding angels witness for me, that I solemnly devote all the powers and faculties of my soul to thy

service: and when I presumptuousl
ploy any of the advantages thou ha
en me to thy dishonour, let them
against me, and let my own words
demn me.

ELIZ. RO

Thus have I subscribed to thy gr
proposals, and engaged myself to t
Lords: and now let the malice of
and the rage of devils, combine agai
I can defy all their stratagems; for
himself is become my Friend, Jesus
all-sufficient Saviour, and the Spi
God, I trust, will be my Sanctifie
Comforter.

O happy day! transporting mo
the brightest period of my life! H
with all its light smiles on me.
glorious mortal can now excite my
what scene to tempt my ambition
the whole creation display? Let glo
me with her exalted voice; let ple
with a softer eloquence, allure m
world, in all its splendour, appears
trifle, while the infinite God is my
tion. He is mine by as sure a ti
eternal veracity can confer. The ri
unquestionable; the conveyance u

able; the mountains shall be removed, and the hills be dissolved, before the everlasting obligation shall be cancelled.

VIII

A THANK-OFFERING FOR SAVING GRACE.

" BLESS the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless his holy name: bless the Lord and forget not all his benefits; who redeemed thy life from destruction, and crowned thee with loving kindness and tender mercy;" who brought thee out of the mire and clay; and set thy feet upon a rock; who broke thy fetters, and freed thee from the miserable bondage of sin. I lay a wretched slave, pleased with my chains, and son of my captivity, fatally deluded and undone, till love, almighty love rescued me. Blessed effect of unmerited grace! I shall stand for ever an illustrious instance of boundless mercy: to that I must entirely ascribe my salvation; and through all the ages of eternity I'll rehearse the wonders of redeeming

love, and tell to listening angels what it has done to my soul.

> I'll sing the endless miracles of love;
> For ever that my lofty theme shall prove.

My glorious Creator! why did I employ thy thought before I had a being? why from all eternity was an immortality designed me, and my birth allotted me in a land illuminated with the rays of sacred light? I might have been invoking the powers of hell with detestable ceremonies, instead of adoring the omnipotent God. But when thousands are lost in these detestable delusions, why am I thus graciously distinguished? Instead of being born amongst the shamful vice of impious parents, and an heir to their curses, why am I entitled to the blessing of religious ancestors? why, when I was incapable of choice, was I devoted to the God "who keeps covenant and mercy to a thousand generations of them that fear him?"

Why, when I know thee not, didst thou sustain me? but oh! why, when I know thee and rebelled against thee why didst thou so long suffer my ingratitude? why did

thy watchful providence perpetually surround me, crossing all the methods I took to undo myself? why was I not cursed with my own wishes, and left to the quiet possession of those vanites I delighted in? these toys which I foolishly preferred to all the treasures of thy love? why didst thou pursue me with the offer of thy favour, when I fled thee with such aversion, and had fled thee for ever, if thou hadst not compelled me to return?

Why did the Spirit strive so long with an obstinate heart, which resisted all its motions, and turned thy patience into provocation and guilt? why am I not undone by those pleasing snares in which I have seen so many deluded wretches perish? Like them, I despised the unsearchable riches of thy grace; with them, I had been content to share the sorry portion and pleasures of this world, if thou hadst let me alone, and I should never have enquired after thee. But why wast thou found of one that sought thee not? O why? but "because thou wilt be merciful to whom thou wilt be merciful."

Therefore again, with astonishment and delight, I look back on the methods of

thy grace; and again I consider myself lost in an abyss of sin and misery: where there was no eye to pity me, no hand but thine to assist me, thou madest it then the time of love.

Never was grace more free and surprising then thine is: never was there a more obstinate heart than mine, and never such unconquerable love as thine. How gloriously hath it triumphed over my rebellious faculties: how freely has it cancelled all my guilt!

Could I have made the least pretence to merit, or have challenged any thing from thee, the benefit had been less exalted; had there been any foundation for human pride, my corrupt heart whould soon have taken the advantage, and have robbed thee of thy honour, by ascribing the glorious work to the strength of my own reason, or a natural tendency to virtue; but here my vanity is for ever silenced, I am lost in the boundless abyss. O height! O depth! O length and breadth immeasurable! " How unsearchable are thy ways *Almighty Love!* and thy paths past finding out!"

Let me here begin my eternal song, and ascribe "salvation and honour, dominion and majesty, to Him that sits on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever," who has loved me, and ransomed me with his blood; ransomed me from a voluntary bondage, from a most vile and hopeless captivity—a captivity from which nothing but that invaluable purchase could have redeemed me.

> Infinite love! Almighty grace!
> Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!

Bring hither your celestial harps, ye beneficent beings who amidst the height of your happiness, express a kind regard for man: teach me the language of paradise—the strains of immortality. But oh! it is all too feeble; the tongues of seraphims cannot utter what I owe my Redeemer. From what misery, my adorable Saviour, hast thou rescued me! from error, from sin, from snares and death, from infernal chains, eternal horrors, and the blackness of darkness for ever.

Nor here my glorious benefactor stayed; but still went on to magnify the riches of his grace, which entitled me to an endless

inheritance, and an immortal crown: the fruition of God, and the unalterable joys that flow from his presence.

Mysterious depths of boundless love
My admiration raise:
O God, thy name exalted stands
Above my highest praise.

IX.

EVIDENCE OF SINCERE LOVE TO GOD.

IF I love thee not, my blessed God, I know not what I love: if I am uncertain of this, I am uncertain of my existence. If I love thee not, what is the meaning of these pathetic expressions—My God, my All! thou spring of my life, and fountain of my happiness! my great reward, and my exceeding joy! the eternal object of my love, and supreme felicity of my nature! Does not my heart attend my lips in all this language? How can this be if my soul do not love thee?

O my God, if I love thee not what is the meaning of this constant uneasiness at *thy* absent? from whence proceeds this

anxiety of mind about thy love, hese intense, these restless desires ce? Why are all the satisfactions insipid without these? Without d what are riches, and honours, sures to me? I should esteem the n of the world but a trifle, or ra- eternal damage, if it must be d with the loss of thy favours. nignity is better than life, and the s in which I enjoy a sense of thy : the only happy intervals of my 'is then I live; it is then I am ssed: it is then I look down with t on the little amusements of the nd pity them that want a taste for alted pleasures.

calm, how peaceful, in those sea- : all the regions of my soul! I have —I ask no more. Can they lan- or the stream who drink at the ing fountain? I have all the ınd more; I have heaven itself in ı thee I am completely and se- lessed, and can defy the malice of d hell to shake the foundation of ›iness, while thou dost whisper thy my soul. O blessed stability of) sublime satisfaction! Hast thou

not told me that thou art mine by an inviolable engagement, when my soul devoted itself sincerely to thee? Does not thy word assure me," that the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but thy kindness shall not depart, nor the covenant of thy peace be broken?"

Hast thou not terminated my wishes, Lord, in thyself, and fixed my wandering desires? Is it for riches or honour, for length of day or pleasure, that I follow thee with daily importunities? Thou knowest these are not the subjects of my restless petitions: do I ever balance these toys with thy favour? Oh no: one smile of thine obscures all their glory. When thou dost bless my retired devotions with thy presence, I can wink all created beauty into blackness. When I meet thee in my solitary contemplations, with what contempt do I look back on the lessened world!

How dazzling is the beauty! how divine!
How dim the lustre of the world to thine!

How dull are its entertainments to the pleasure of conversing with thee! Oh, stay

happy mom[illegible]ts eries my satisfied

my Beloved, with me here,
ill the morning star appear;
ill the dusky shadows fly
the day's illustrious eye.

stay till the gloomy night of life
and eternity draw on my soul.
nothing in this barren place to
me when thou art gone: I can
thing below, after these celestial

ove thee not, what is the meaning
mpatience to be with thee? "My
geth, yea fainteth, for the courts
Lord; when shall I come and ap-
ore thee? O that I had the wings
e; for then would I fly away, and
t!"

X.

ASSURANCE OF SALVATION IN CHRIST JESUS.

I HAVE put my treasure, my immortal part into thy hands, O my dear Redeemer; and "shall the prey be taken from the mighty?" shall a soul consecrated to thee fall a sacrifice to hell?

Blessed God, am I not thine? and shall the temple of thy Spirit be profaned, and the lips that have so often ascribed dominion, and glory, and majesty to thee, be defiled with infernal blasphemy, and the execrations of the damned? Shall the sparks of divine love be extinguished, and immortal enmity succeed? and shall I who was once blessed with thy favour become the object of thy wrath and indignation? Shall all the mighty things thou hast done for my soul be forgotten? Shall all my vows, and thy own secret engagements be cancelled? Tis impossible; for thou art not as man that thou shouldest lie; nor as the son of man, that thou *houldest* repent."

Thou art engaged by thy own tremendous name for my security: my God, and my fathers' God; from generation to generation thou hast been our dwelling place. I was devoted to thee in baptism by the solemn vows of my religious parents: my infant hands were early lifted up to thee, and I soon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my fathers, I have actually subscribed with my hand to the Lord, and am thine by the most voluntary and deliberate obligations. The portion of Jacob is my joyful choice, nor need I fear losing it while thy word is established as the heavens.

The Lord, who made heav'n, earth, and sea,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

Were my dependence on myself, I were undone: the first temptation would shake my resolutions: I should sell the inestimable riches of thy love for a trifle, and fool away immortal pleasures for the joys of a moment: a specious delusion would seduce me from all my hope of a glorious futurity. I shall fall a victim to my own

ether unenvied share its glory; thy love is all I crave. I am blessed with that assurance, I am surrounded with the joys of paradise; every place is a heaven, while my beloved is mine, and I am his.

If all the monarchs, whose command supreme
Divides the wide dominion of this ball,
Should offer each his boasted diadem,
I would not quit thy favour for them all.
These trifles with contempt I would resign;
The world's a toy, while I can call thee mine.

Let God and angels witness for me, that I renounce the world, and choose thy love as my portion; witness that I sacrifice my darling sins to thee; and from this moment solemnly devote myself to thy service.

Thus did I engage myself to be the Lord's; and thus didst thou graciously condescend to seal the privileges of the new covenant to my soul. And, O let the solemn transaction never be forgotten! let it be writ in the volumes of eternity; let it be engraven in the books of unalterable destiny; there let the sacred articles stand recorded, and be had in everlasting *remembrance*.

peace be broken;" that covenant which has been sealed by the blood of the Son of God, and in that holy sacrament I have received the pledges of thy love. Thou didst graciously invite me into that communion, and met me there with the most unmerited favour.

Fear not, sayest thou, poor trembling soul, for I am thy Redeemer, and thy mighty Saviour, the Hope of Israel, and in my name shall all the nations of the earth be blessed: "I am gracious and merciful, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." These are the titles by which I have revealed myself to men. I came the expected Messiah, the Star of Jacob, and the Glory of the Gentiles; I came from the fulness of ineffable glory, in the form of man, to redeem the race of Adam; I am willing and able to save, "and whosoever comes unto me, I will in no wise cast away." Fear not; I had kind designs towards thee from eternity; and by these visible signs of my body and blood I seal my love to thy soul: take here the pledge of heaven, the assurance of everlasting happiness.

Tis enough, replied my transported soul; divide the world as thou wilt, let

whatever darkness surrounds me, yet thou art my God; I cry, and the storms are appeased, and the darkness vanishes. I find my expectations from the world disappointed, my friends false, and human dependence vain; but still thou art my God, my unfailing confidence, my rock my everlasting inheritance. Death and hell level their darts against me, but with a heavenly tranquillity I cry, "Thou my my God; I dwell on high; my place of defence is the munition of rocks."

"My hiding place, my refuge tow'r,
And shield art thou, O Lord:
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

While thou art mine, what can I fear? Can Omnipotence be vanquished; Can almighty strength be opposed? When it can, then, and not till then, shall I want security; then, and not till then shall my confidence be shaken, and my hopes confounded.

Thou art my God. Let me again repeat the glorious accents, and hear the *pleasu*rable sounds; let me a thousand and

thousand times repeat it; it is rapture and harmony: the harps of angels and ir tongues, what notes more melodious ıld they sing or play? What but those ısporting words give the emphasis to their joys? On this they dwell, it is ir eternal theme, "Thou art my God" :e me every seraph boasts the glorious perty, and owes his happiness to those ortant words: in them unbounded s are comprehended. Paradise itself, all heaven is here described; all that possible to be uttered of celestial bles- ıess is here contained.

My God, my all-sufficient good,
My portion, and my choice;
In thee my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

My God, my triumph, and my glory, others boast of what they will, and de themselves in human securities; let m place their confidence in their wealth, ir honour, and their numerous friends; renounce all earthly dependence, and ry only in my God.

From him alone my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds;
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

When death shall remove all oth
ports, and forces me to quit my
the dearest names below, in *my* God
have an unchangeable property: th
gagement shall remain firm, when
lose my hold of all other enjoy
when all human things vanish w
everlasting flight, I shall bid them
ful adieu, and breathe out my sou
this triumphant exclamation, *Thou a*
God, my inheritance, my eternal
sion: nor death nor hell shall eve
rate me from thy love.

Thou art my God Let me sur
extent of my blessedness: let me
prospect of my vast possession:
consider its dimensions: O heigh
depth! O length and breadth imm
ble! I have all that is worth pos
Thou art my God.

But what have I uttered? Is m
permitted to speak these daring
Can the race of man make such g

ensions? Thou thyself canst give no
e: thou that art thy own happiness,
the spring of joy to all thy creatures;
n thee are the fountains of pleasure,
in thy presence is fulness of joy, im-
tal life and happiness flow from thee,
they are necessarily blessed who are
ounded with thy favour; thou art
r God, and *thou art my* God, to everlast-
ages.

h flies, with all the charms it has in store;
nares and gay temptations are no more.
atures no more of entity can boast,
streams, the hills, and tow'ring groves are
lost
sun, the stars, and the fair fields of light
hdraw, and now are banished from my
sight,
nd God is all in all.

XII.

NFESSION OF SIN WILL HOPE PARDON.

REAK, break, insensible heart! let
usion cover me, and darkness, black
y own guilt surround me. Lord, what

a monster am I become! How hateful to myself for offending thee! how much more detestable to thee, to thee against whom I have offended! Why have I provoked the God on whom my being every moment depends; the God, who out of nothing advanced me to a reasonable and immortal nature, and put me in a capacity of being happy for ever; the God whose goodness has run parallel with my life who has preserved me in a thousand dangers, and kept me even from the ruin I courted, and even while I repined at the providence that saved me?

How often has he recovered me from eternal misery, and brought me back from the very borders of hell, when there was but a dying groan, but one faint sigh between me and everlasting perdition When all human help failed, and my mournful friends were taking their last farewells; when every smiling hope forsook me, and the horrors of death surrounded me, to God I cried from the depth of misery and despair? I cried, and he was intreated, and rescued my life from destruction: he "brought me out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock.

A thousand instances of thy goodness could I recount, and all to my own confusion.

Could I consider thee as my enemy, I might forgive myself; but when I consider thee as my best friend, my tender father, the sustainer of my life, and author of my happiness. good God, what a monstrous thing do I appear, who have sinned against thee! Could I charge thee with severity, or call thy laws rigorous and unjust, I had some excuse; but I am silenced there by the conviction of my own reason, which assents to all thy precepts as just and holy. But, to heighten my guilt, I have violated the sacred rules I approve; I have provoked the justice I fear, and I offended the purity I adore.

Yet still there are higher aggravations of my iniquity: and what gives me the utmost confusion is, that I have sinned against unbounded love and goodness. Horrid ingratitude! Here lies the emphasis of my folly and misery; the sense of this torments me, can I not say, as much as the dread of hell, or the fear of loosing heaven? Thy love and tender compassion, the late *pleasing* subjects of my thoughts.

are on this account become my terror. The titles of an enemy and a judge scarce sound more painful to my ears, than those of a friend and a benefactor, which so shamefully enhance my guilt; those sacred names confound and terrify my soul, because they furnish my conscience with the most exquisite reproaches. The thoughts of such goodness abused, and such clemency affronted, seem to me almost as insupportable as those of thy wrath and severity.—O whither shall I turn? I dare not look upward, the sun and stars upbraid me there. If I look downward, the fields and mountains take their Creator's part, and heaven and earth conspire to aggravate my sins. Those common blessings tell me how much I am indebted to thy bounty; but Lord, when I recall thy particular favours, I am utterly confounded. What numerous instances could I recount! Nor has my rebellion yet shut up the fountain of thy grace; for yet I breathe, and yet I live, and live to implore a pardon; heaven is still open, and the throne of God accessible. But oh! with what confidence can I approach it; what motives can I urge, but such as carry my own condemnation in them?

Shall I urge thy former pity and indulgence? This were to plead against myself: and yet thy clemency, that clemency which I have abused, is the best argument I can bring; thy grace and clemency, as revealed in Jesus, the Son of thy love, the blessed Reconciler of God and man.

O whither has my folly reduced me? With what words shall I choose to address thee? "Pardon my iniquity, O Lord, for it is great." Surprising argument! yet this will magnify thy goodness, and yield me an eternal theme to praise thee: it will add an emphasis to all my grateful songs, and tune my harp to everlasting harmony. The ransomed of the Lord shall join with me, while this glorious inheritance of thy grace excites their wonder, and my unbounded gratitude; thus shall thy glory be exalted.

O Lord God, permit a poor worthless creature to plead a little with thee. What honour will my destruction bring thee? what profit, what triumph to the Almighty will my perdition be? Mercy is thy brightest attribute: this gives thee all thy loveliness, and completes thy beauty. By names of kindness and indulgence thou hast

chosen to reveal thyself to men; by titles of the most tender import thou hast made thyself known to my soul: titles which thou dost not yet disdain, but art still compassionate, and ready to pardon.

But that thou hast, or wilt forgive me, O my God! aggravates my guilt. And wilt thou indeed forgive me? Wilt thou remit the gloomy score, and restore the privilege I have forfeited? Wondrous love! astonishing benignity! let me never live to repeat my ingratitude; let me never live to break my penitent vows; let me die ere that unhappy moment arrive.

XIII.

THE ABSENCE OF GOD ON EARTH.

What is hell, what is damnation, but an exclusion from thy presence? 'Tis the want of that which gives the regions of darkness all their horror. What is heaven, what are the satisfaction of angels, but the views of thy glory? what but thy smiles and complacence are the springs of their immortal transports?

Without the light of thy countenance, what privilege is my being? what canst thou thyself give me to countervail the infinite loss? Could the riches, the empty glories, and insipid pleasures of the world, recompence me for it? Ah! no: not all the variety of the creation could satisfy me while I am deprived of thee. Let the ambitious, the licentious, and covetous, share these trifles amongst themselves: they are no amusement for my dejected thoughts.

There was a time (but ah! that happy time is past, those blissful moments gone) when, with a modest assurance, I could call thee "my Father, my Almighty friend, my defence, my hope, and my exceeding great reward." But those glorious advantages are lost, those ravishing prospects withdrawn, and to my trembling soul thou dost no more appear but as a consuming fire, an inaccessible majesty, my severe judge, and my omnipotent adversary; and who shall deliver me from thy hands? where shall I find a shelter from thy wrath? what shades can cover me from thy all-seeing eye?

One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would *kindle* darkness into day:

The veil of night is no disguise
Nor screen from thy all-searching eyes:
Thro' midnight shades thou findst the way
As in the blazing noon of day.

"But will the Lord cast off for ever? Will he be favourable no more? Has God indeed forgotten to be gracious?" Will he shut out my prayers for ever, and must I never behold my Maker? Must I never meet those smiles that fill the heavenly inhabitants with unutterable joys; those smiles which enlighten the celestial region, and make everlasting day above? In vain, then, have these wretched eyes beheld the light; in vain am I endued with reasonable faculties and immortal principles; Alas! what will they prove but everlasting curses, if I must never see the face of God?

Is it a dream, or do I hear
The voice that so delights my hear?
Lo, he o'er hills his steps extends,
And bounding from the cliffs, descends:
Now like a roe outstrips the wind,
And leaves the panting hart behind.

"I have waited for thee as they that wait of the morning," and thy returns are more welcome than the springing daylight

ter the horrors of a melancholy night:
ore welcome than ease to the sick, than
ater to the thirsty, or rest to the weary
veller. How undone was I without
ee? In vain, while thou wert absent,
e world hath tried to entertain me: all
could offer was like jests to a dying
an, or like recreations to the damned.
n thy favour alone my tranquility depends:
prived of that, I should sigh for happiness
the midst of a paradise: "thy loving
ndness is better than life."—And if a
ste of thy love be thus transporting, what
stacies shall I know when I drink my fill
f the streams of bliss that flow from thy
ight hand for ever! But when—

When shall this happy day of vision be?
When shall I make a near approach to thee!
Be lost in love, and wrapt in ecstacy?
Oh! when shall I behold thee all serene
Without this envious cloudy veil between?
'Tis true, the sacred clements* impart
Thy virtual presence to my faithful heart;
But to my sense still unrevealed thou art.

* The Lord's Supper.

This, tho' a great, is an imperfect bliss,
To see a shadow for the God I wish:
My soul a more exalted pitch would fly,
And view thee in the heights of majesty.

XIV.

BANISHMENT FROM GOD FOR EVER.

"Depart from me, ye cursed!" Oh! let me never hear thy voice pronounce these dreadful words. With what terror would that sentence pierce my heart, while it thunders in my ears? Oh! rather speak me into my primitive nothing, and with one potent word finish my existence. To be separated from thee, and cursed with immortality, who can sustain the intolerable doom?

O dreadful state of black despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love—

Nor view the light of thy countenance for ever. Unutterable woe! there is no hell *beyond* it. Separation from God is the

depth of misery. Blackness of darkness, and eternal night, must necessarily involve a soul excluded from thy presence. What life, what joy, what hope is to be found where thou art not? I want words to paint my thoughts of that dismal state. Oh! let me never be reserved for the dreadful experience! rather let loose thy wrath, and in a moment, reduce me into nothing.

"Depart from thee!" Oh! whither should I go from thee? "Into utter darkness?" That makes no addition at all to the wretch's misery that is banished from thy face. After that fearful doom I should, without constraint, seek out shades as dark as hell, being most agreeable to my own despair, and in the horrors of eternal night bewail the infinite loss.

The remembrance of that lost happiness would render celestial day insufferable. The sight of paradise could not cheer me without thy favour; the songs of angels would but lighten my anguish, and torment me with the scene of bliss which I must never taste. The sight of thy favourites, and the glory of thy court, would but excite my envy, and fill me with madness, while I considered

myself the object of thine eternal
nation: nor could all the harmony c
ven allay the horror of that reflection.

The groans of the damned, and th
ness of the infernal caverns would
suit my grief. There, to the cries
mented ghosts, and to the sounds of
tempests, I might join my wild com
and lament the loss of infinite bli
curse my own folly. But all the
below, if I might speak my present th
should not extort a blasphemous re
on the divine attributes; for I k
deserve eternal misery, and even
I think I should confess thy justice.
long experienced clemency, I an
ought to silence my reproaches fc
and to all eternity leave thee unbl
with the imputation of cruelty.

But, oh! what agonies would
membrance of thy former favours
what exquisite remorse would it g
to recal those happy moments wh
didst bless my retired devotion w
presence? After I had relished thes
entertainments, how bitter would th
of thy wrath be? whither would thy
sink me, after I have enjoyed the
thy countenance?

If I must lose thy favour, Oh! let me
orget what that word imports, and blot
or ever from my remembrance the joys
hat a sense of thy love has exalted: let no
traces of those sacred transports be left on
my soul.

But must I depart from thee into ever-
lasting fire? Double and dreadful curse!
nd yet unquenchable flames, and infernal
hains, (if I can judge in this life of such
wful futurities) would be less terrible than
he sense of those lost joys. That loss
would endure no reflection; the review
would for ever be insufferable; the ages
f eternity could not diminish the exquisite
egret: still it would excite new and unut-
erable anguish, and rack me with infinite
espair.

Blessed God, pity the soul whose ex-
remest horror is the doom of an eternal
eparture from thee. Draw my spirit into
he holiest and nearest union with thyself
hat is possible, while it dwells in this flesh;
nd let me here commence that delightful
esidence and converse with God, which
either death nor judgment shall ever des-
oy, nor shall a long eternity ever put a
eriod to it.

XV.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN HIS WORKS OF CREATION, PROVIDENCE, AND REDEMPTION.

My being immediately flows from thee, and should I not praise my omnipotent Maker? I received the last breath I drew from thee, thou dost sustain my life this very moment, and the next depends entirely on thy pleasure. 'Tis the dignity of my nature to know, and my happiness to praise and adore my Original. But! oh! thou supreme of all things, how art thou to be extolled by mortal man! "I say to Corruption, Thou art my father, and to the Worms, Ye are my brethren. My days are as an hand's-breadth, and my life is nothing before thee; and thou art the same, and thy years never fail. From everlasting to everlasting thou art God;" the incomprehensible, the immutable Divinity. The language of paradise, and the strains of celestial eloquence, fall short of thy perfections; the first-born sons of light loose themselves in blissful astonishment in search of thy excellencies; even *they*, with silent ecstacy, adore thee, while

thou art veiled with ineffable splendour.

> The bright, the bless'd Divinity is known
> And comprehended by himself alone.

Who can conceive the extent of that power, which out of nothing brought materials for a rising world, and from a gloomy chaos bid the harmonious universe appear?

> Confusion heard thy voice, and wild uproar
> Stood rul'd; stood vast Infinity confin'd.

At thy word the pillars of the sky were framed, and its beauteous arches raised; thy breath kindled the stars, adorned the moon with silver rays, and gave the sun its flaming splendour. Thou didst prepare for the waters their capacious bed, and by thy power set bounds to the raging billows: by thee the vallies were cloathed in their flowery pride, and the mountains crowned with groves. In all the wonderful effects of nature we adore and confess thy power; thou utterest thy voice in thunder, and dost scatter thy lightning abroad; thou ridest on the wings of the wind, the mountains smoke, and the fox-

ests tremble at thy approach; the summer and winter, the shady night and the bright revolutions of the day, are thine.

> These are thy glorious works, parent of good!
> Almighty! thine this universal frame:
> Thus wond'rous they, thyself how wond'rous then!

But, oh! what must thy essential majesty and beauty be, if thou art thus illustrious in thy works! If the discoveries of thy power and wisdom are thus delightful, how transporting are the manifestations of thy goodness? From thee every thing that lives receives its breath, and by thee are all upheld in life. Thy providence reaches the least insect; for thou art good, and thy care extends to all thy works. Thou feedest the ravens, and dost provide the young lions their prey: thou scatterest thy blessings with a liberal hand on thy whole creation; man, ungrateful man, largely partakes of thy bounty. Thou causest thy rain to descend, and makest thy sun to shine on the evil and unthankful: "for thou art good, and thy mercy endureth for ever."

As the Creator and Preserver of men, *thou* art gloriously manifest; but, oh!

how much more gloriously art thou revealed, as reconciling ungrateful enemies to thyself by the blood of thy eternal Son! Here thy beneficence displays its brightest splendour; here thou dost fully discover thy most magnificent titles, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness!" "How unsearchable are thy ways, and thy paths past finding out!" Infinite depths of love, never to be expressed by human language! And yet, should man be silent, the stones themselves would speak, and the mute creation find a voice to upbraid his ungrateful folly.

XVI.

LONGING FOR THE COMING OF CHRIST.

Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly: Oh! come, lest my expectation faint, lest I grow weary, and murmur at thy long delay. I am tired with these vanities, and the world grows every day more unentertaining

and insipid; it has now lost its charms, and finds my heart insensible to all its allurements. With coldness and contempt I view these transitory glories: inspired with nobler prospects, and vaster expectations, by faith I see the promised land, and every day brings me nearer the possession of my heavenly inheritance. Then shall I see God and live, and face to face behold my triumphant Redeemer,

> And in his favour find immortal light,
> Ye hours and days, cut short your tedious flight!
> Ye months and years (if such allotted be
> In this detested barren world for me)
> With hasty resolution roll along;
> I languish with impatience to be gone.

I have nothing here to linger for; my hopes, my rest, my treasure, and my joys are all above; my soul faints for the courts of the Lord, in a dry and thirsty land, where there is no refreshment.

How long "shall I dwell in Meshech, and sojourn in the tents of Kedar?" When will the wearisome journey of life be finished, when shall I reach my everlasting *home*, and arrive at my celestial country?

My heart, my wishes, are already there? I have no engagement to delay my farewell, nothing to detain me here; but wander an unacquainted pilgrim, a stranger, and desolate, far from my native regions.

My friends are gone before, and are now triumphing in the skies, secure of the conquest, possessed of the rewards of victory. They survey the field of battle, and look back with pleasure on the distant danger: death and hell, for ever vanquished, leave them in the possession of endless tranquility and joy; while I, beset with a thousand snares, and tired with continual toil, unsteadily maintain the field, till active faith steps in, assures me of the conquest, and shews me the immortal crown! 'Tis faith tells me, that "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart:" it assures me that "my Redeemer lives, and that he shall stand at the last day on the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and not another; and these eyes shall behold, though my reins be consumed within me." Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus. This must be the language of

my soul till thou dost appear, and these my impatient breathings after thee. Till I see my salvation, my heart and my flesh will pine for the living God.

"Grant me, O Lord, to fulfil as an hireling, my day?" shorten the space, and let it be full of action. 'Tis of small importance how few there are of these little circles of days and hours, so they are but well filled up with devotion, and with all proper duty.

XVII.

SEEKING AFTER AN ABSENT GOD.

Oh! let not the Lord be angry, and I who am but dust, will speak. Why dost thou withdraw thyself, and suffer me to pursue thee in vain? If I am surrounded with thy immensity, why am I thus insensible of thee! why do I not find thee, if thou art every where present? I seek

:e in the temple, where thou hast often
:t me; there I have seen the traces of
/ majesty and beauty; but those sacred
ions bless my sight no more. I seek thee
my secret retirements, where I have called
on thy name, and have often heard the
iispers of thy voice; that celestial con-
sation hath often reached and raptured
' soul, but I am solaced no more with his
ine condescensions. I listen, but I hear
se gentle sounds no more; I pine and
guish, but thou fleest me; still I wither
thy absence, as a drooping plant for the
'iving sun.

O when wilt thou scatter this melan-
)ly darkness? when shall the shadows
: before thee? when shall the cheerful
)ry of thy grace dawn upon my mind at
' approach? I shall revive at thy light;
' vital spirits will confess thy presence;
ef and anxiety will vanish before thee,
l immortal joys surround my soul.

Where thou art present, heaven and hap-
.ess ensue; hell and damnation fill the
ast where thou art absent. While God
thdraws, I am encompassed with darkness
l despair; the sun and stars shine with
uncomfortable lustre; the faces of my

friends grow tiresome; the smile of
would fail to cheer my languishing
I grow now unacquainted with tran
peace and joy are empty sounds to n
words without a meaning.

Tell me not of glory and pleasur
are no such things without my God
he withdraws, what delight can thes
afford? All that amuses mankind
dreams of happiness, shades and f
appearances. What compensation c
make for an infinite good departe
nature cannot repair my loss: hea
earth would offer their treasures i
not all the kingdoms of this world,
thrones of archangels, could give r
compence for an absent God.

O where can my grief find
whence can I draw satisfaction, w
fountain of joy seals up his stream
sorrows are hopeless till he return;
him my night will never see a da
extend to everlasting darkness: con
joy will be eternal strangers to my
Had I all things within the co
creation to delight me, his frown
blast the whole enjoyment: unreco
God, my soul would be for ever at
with itself.

Even now, while I believe thy glory hid
om me but with a transient eclipse, while
wait for thy return as for the dawning
y, my soul suffers inexpressible agonies at
e delay; the minutes seem to linger, and
ys are lengthened into ages; but, Lord,
iat keener anguish should I feel, did I
nk thy presence had totally forsaken me;
l I imagine thy glory should no more
se on my soul! My spirits fail at the
pposition: I cannot face the dreadful ap-
hensions of my God for ever gone. Is
not hell in its most horrid prospect, eter-
l darkness, and the undying worm, infinite
in, and irreparable damage? Compared
this, what were all the plagues that earth
uld threaten, or hell invent! What is
grace, and poverty, and pain? what is all
at mortals fear, real or imaginary evils?
ey are nothing compared to the terrors
hich the thought of losing my God ex-
es.

O thou, who art my boundless treasure,
y infinite delight, my all, my ineffable
rtion, can I part with thee? I may see
ithout light, and breathe without air,
oner than be blessed without my God.
appiness separate from thee were a contra-
ction, an impossibility (if I dare speak it)

to Omnipotence itself. I feel a fl
the most glorious creation could
an emptiness which nothing but i
could fill. I must find thee, or
self in an eternal pursuit. No
divert me in the endless search,
shall fright me back, no allurer
hold me, nothing shall flatter
my impatience; my bliss, my h
all depends on the success. Shew
thou art. O my God, conduct r
presence, and let thy love confir
for ever.

XVIII.

PEALS TO GOD CONCERNING THE SUPREMACY OF LOVE TO HIM.

) God, when I cease to love and praise
, let me cease to breathe and live; when
rget thee, let me forget the name of my
)iness, and let every pleasing idea be
d from my memory. When thou art
my supreme delight, let all things else
ive me; let me grow unacquainted with
:e, and seek repose in vain; let delusions
k my gayest hopes; let my desires find
atisfaction till they are terminated all in

When I forget the satisfaction of thy
, O my God! let pleasure be a stranger
ıy soul! when I prefer not that to my
fest joy, let me be insensible of all
ght; when thy benignity is not dearer
ıe than life, let that life become my bur-
and my pain.

earch the inmost recesses of my heart,
if thou findest any competitor there,

remove the darling vanity, and blot every name but thine from my breast. Let me find nothing but emptiness in the creature, when I forsake the all-sufficient Creator: let the streams be put off, when I wander away and abandon the fountain. Let me be destitute of assistance, when I cease to rely on thee: let my lips be for ever silent, when they refuse to acknowledge thy benefits, and make not thee the subject of their higher praise. Let no joyful strain enter at my ears, when thy name is not the most delightful sound they can convey to my heart.

I have been pronouncing heavy curses on myself, if thy love be not my chief blessing; yet, O my dearest good, my portion, and my only felicity, might I not go on farther still, and even venture immortal joys on the sincerity of my love to thee? Blessed Lord, forgive these dangerous efforts of a mortal tongue, which are the mere outbreakings of a fervent affection. I could even dare to pledge all my hopes and pretentions to future happiness, (and O let not my heart deceive me!) I think I could risk them all, if thou thyself art not the object of my brightes

hopes, and the light of thy countenance the height of that expected happiness.

If I desire any thing in heaven or on earth in comparison of thee, I am almost ready to say, Banish me as an eternal exile from the light of paradise: even that paradise would be melancholy darkness without thee, and the obscurest corner of the creation, blessed with thy presence, would be more agreeable. Oh! where could I be happy remote from thee? what imaginable good could supply thy absence? Say, O my God, do I not love thee?

Shall I call the holy angels to witness? shall I call heaven and earth to witness? will not the most high God himself, the possessor of heaven and earth, condescend to witness the ardour and sincerity of my love?

With what pleasure do I reflect on the obligations by which I have devoted myself to thee! My soul collects itself, and with an entire assent gives up all its powers to thee. I would bind myself unto thee beyond every tie that mortals know. Ye ministers of light, give me your flames, and

teach me your celestial forms; let
noble and pathetic, and solemn as you
immortal vows, and I will joyfull
through them all to bind myself to my
for ever. Say, now, ye heavens and
say, ye holy angels, and O thou all-kn
God, say, do I not love thee?

XIX.

A DEVOUT RAPTURE; OR, L TO GOD INEXPRESSIBLE.

Thou radient sun, thou moon, a
ye sparkling stars, how gladly would I
your pleasant light to see the face of
ye chrystal streams, ye groves and fl
lawns, my innocent delights, how jo
could I leave you to meet that blissful
pect! and you, delightful faces o
friends, I would this moment quit you
see him whom my soul loves; so
that I can find no words to express th
*utter*able ardour. Not as the miser

wealth, nor the ambitious his grandeur; as the libertine loves his pleasure, or the erous man his friend; these are flat simides to describe such an intense passion as e. Not as a man scorched in a fever gs for a cooling draught; not as a ary traveller wishes for soft repose; my less desires admit of no equal comparison n these.

love my friend; my vital breath, and light of heaven are dear to me; but uld I say I love my God as I love these, ould belie the sacred flame which aspires infinity. 'Tis thee, abstractly thee, O reated beauty! that I love. In thee my hes are all terminated; in thee, as in their iful centre, all my desires meet, and there r must be eternally fixed: it is thou ne that must constitute my everlasting piness. Were the harps of angels silent, e would be harmony for me in the spers of thy love: were the fields of t-darkened, thy smiles would bless me h everlasting day; the vision of thy face l attract my eyes, nor give me leisure to ste a look on other objects to all eternity, farther than God is to be seen in his atures. All their beams of grace, and , and glory, are derived from thee, and

will merit my attention no farther than they reflect thy image, or discover thy excellences.

Even at this distance, encompassed with the shades of death, and the mists of darkness; in these cold melancholy regions, when a ray of thy love breaks in on my soul, when through the clouds I can trace but one feeble beam, even that obscures all human glory, and gives me a contempt for whatever mortality can boast. What wonders then will the open vision of thy face effect, when I shall enjoy it in so sublime a degree, that the magnificence of the skies will not draw my regard, nor the converse of angels divert my thoughts from thee? thou wilt engross my everlasting attention; and I should abound in felicity, if I had nothing to entertain me but immediate communion with the infinite Divinity.

Mend thy pace, old lazy Time, and shake thy heavy sands; make shorter circles, ye rolling planets; when will your destined courses be fulfilled; thou restless sun, how long wilt thou travel the celestial road? when will thy starry walk be finished? when will the commissioned angel arrest thee in *thy progress*, and, lifting up his hand, swear

unutterable name, THAT TIME SHALL
) MORE? O happy period! my im-
: soul springs forward to salute thee,
aves the lagging days, and months,
ears, far behind. "Haste, my be-
and be like a roe, or a young hart on
icy mountains."

ine, I die for a sight of thy counte-
: Oh! turn the veil aside, blow away
parating cloud, pull out the pins of
abernacle, break the cords, and let
ie curtain of mortality; O let it in-
e no longer between me and my per-
)liss. I feel those flames of divine
vhich are unextinguishable as the lights
aven: nor death itself shall quench the
l ardour.

: ministers of light, ye guardians of the
stand and witness to my vows; and in
umble dependence on thy grace, O
, may I not venture to bid these thy
ng ministers protest against me when I
ge my love, and stand my accusers at
ast judgment? When I prove false to
may I not venture to say to them all,
r in your awful evidence, and proclaim
)erjury?

For you have listen'd while the sacred name
That kindles in each heav'nly breast a flame,
You listen'd while it melted on my tongue,
Flow'd from my lips, and grac'd the midnight song.
Bless'd was the time, and sweetly fled the hour,
While holy love employ'd my noblest pow'rs;
The heav'ns appear'd, and the propitious skies
Unveil'd their inmost glories to my eyes.
Oh, stay; I cried, ye happy moments stay,
Nor in your flight snatch these delights away:
I ask no more the rising sun to view,
To mortals and their hopes I bid adieu.

These heavens and this earth have been witness to my vows: the holy angels have been witnesses, and will join together to condemn me when I violate my faith. Strengthen and confirm it, O my Saviour, and make the bonds of it immortal.

If I were only to reason upon this subject, I might say, What motive could earth, what could hell, what could heaven itself propose to tempt my soul to change

ve? what could they lay in the balance
ıst an infinite good? What could be
vn in as a stake against the favour
od? Ask the happy souls who know
the light of his countenance imports,
drink in joy and immortality from
niles; ask them what value they set
heir enjoyments; ask them what in
:n or earth should purchase a moment's
ral of their bliss? ask some radiant
h, amidst the fervency of his raptures,
ıat price he values his happiness? and
ı these have named the purchase, earth
hell may try to balance mine. Let
spread the baits that tempt deluded men
ıin; let the riches, honour, beauty,
bewitching pleasure appear in all their
ns, the sensuality of the present and
ages, the Persian delicacy and the
ıan pride; let them uncover the golden
s, and disclose the ruby sparkling in its
let them open the veins of sapphire,
shew the diamond glittering in its rock;
hem all be thrown into the balance;
! their weight is too little, and too
. Let the pageantries of state be added,
rial titles, and the ensigns of majesty;
in all thy boundless vanity imagines, or
ambition craves, crowns and sceptres,

regal vestments and golden thrones, the scale still mounts. Throw in the world entire, 'tis unsubstantial, and light as airy vanity.

Are these thy highest boasts, O deluding world? Ye ministers of darkness, have you nothing else to offer? are these your utmost proposals? are these a compensation for the favour of God? Alas! that boundless word has a meaning which outweighs them all: infinite delight, inconceivable joy, are expressed in it; the sight of his countenance signifies more than angels can describe, or mortality imagine; and shall I quit all that an everlasting heaven means for empty shadows?

Go, ye baffled tempters, go offer your toys to madmen and fools; they all vanish under my scorn, and cannot yield so much as an amusement to my aspiring thoughts. The sun, in all its spacious circuit, beholds nothing to tempt my wishes. These winding skies, in all their ample round, contain nothing equal to my desires, my ambition has far different ends and other prospects in

nothing below the joys of angels can me.

t me explore the words of life and ty, and find a path to the dazzling re- s of the Most High: let me drink at fountain head of pleasure, and derive all t I want from original and uncreated ness and felicity.

Oh, divine love! let me launch out into y pleasurable depths, and be swallowed p of thee: let me plunge at once in im- nortal joy, and lose myself in the infinite ocean of happiness.

Till then I pine for my celestial country; till then I murmur to the winds and streams, and tell the solitary shades my grief. The groves are conscious to my complaints, and the moon and stars listen to my sighs. By their silent lights I talk over my heavenly concerns, and give a vent to my divine affections in mortal language; then looking upward, I grow impatient to reach that milky way, the seat of joy and immortality.

Come love, come life, and that bless'd day
For which I languish, come away;

When this dry soul these eyes shall see,
And drink the unseal'd source of Thee.

O come, I cry, thou whom my soul loveth: I would go on, but want expression, and vainly struggle with the unutterable thought.

Tell me, ye sons of light, who feel the force of the celestial fires, in what language you paint their violence? Or do the tongues of seraphs faulter? Does the language of paradise want emphasis here, and immortal eloquence fail? Surely your happiness is more perfect than all your descriptions of it: heaven echoes to your charming notes, as far as they reach, while divine love, which is all your song, is infinite, and knows no limits of degree or duration.

Yet I would say, Some gentle spirit, come and instruct me in your art: lend me a golden harp, and guide the sacred flight; let me imitate your devout strains; let me copy out your harmony; and then—

Some of the fairest choir above
Shall flock around my song,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

Blessed and immortal creatures, I long to join with you in your celestial style of adoration and love. I long to learn your ecstasies of worship and joy, in a language which mortals cannot pronounce, and to speak the divine passion of my soul in words which are now unspeakable.

XX.

SELF-REPROOF FOR INACTIVITY.

Is it possible that I should one day be wrapt almost into the third heavens, and, ere a few weeks have passed over me, I should find myself creeping among the insects of the earth, and almost as meanly busied as they? Can divine love, which exalted me lately into flaming transports, so far subside and grow cool within me? Can it leave me so inactive as I now feel myself? What shall I do to shame my conscience with reproaches, and renew the flame of religious zeal and vigour?

Alas! how does the activity of men about the little affairs of human life, condemn my negligence in matters of everlast-

ing consequence! Does the fond l
with such anxiety and impatience pursu
object of his wishes; and shall not d
beauty and infinite loveliness inflame m
sires to a nobler height, and excite my
guishing devotion?

Are the ambitious so restless and s
ous to make themselves great, and to
chase the veneration of fools? do the
such mighty projects, and compass
designs with such pain and difficult
mere pageantry and gaudy trifles;
shall I, who am a candidate for hea
probationer for celestial dignity, los
title for want of diligence? shall I fa
the noble strife, when God and ange
ready to assist me, and every moment
will be recompenced with eternal ages
and triumph?

See, see, the moments fly, the
shortens, and the immense reward
near; the palm of victory, the
crown, are in view; the happy
and fields of light entertain me with
glorious prospect. Rouse thee, my
to the most active pursuit of those
cities; waken all thy sprightly po
and let it never, never be thy repu

that the vigour and intenseness of thy labour fall short of the pretentions of thy desires; or that thy holy industry should sink so far below the fervour of those affections, which in a devout hour, thou hast pronounced inexpressible.

O Lord what a mutable thing is man! what frailty works in this flesh and blood, and hangs heavy upon our better powers! 'Tis grace, divine grace alone, can keep alive that immortal spark within us, which came first from heaven, and first taught our hearts to arise and spring upward Preserve and complete thy own work, Almighty Grace!

XXI.

A JOYFUL VIEW OF APPROACHING DEATH.

O Death, where is thy sting? where is thy boasted victory? The conquest is mine; I *shall pass in* triumph through thy dark

dominions; and through the grace of the Son of God, my divine leader, I shall appear there, not a captive, but a conqueror.

O king of terrors, where are thy formidable looks? I can see nothing dreadful in thy aspect: thou appearest with no tokens of defiance, nor dost thou come with a summons from a severe judge, but gentle invitations from my blessed Redeemer, who has passed gloriously through thy territories on his way to his throne.

Thrice welcome, thou kind messenger of my liberty and happiness! a thousand times more welcome than jubilee to the wretched slave, than pardon to a condemned malefactor. I am going from darkness and confinement to immense light and perfect liberty, from these tempestuous regions to the soft and peaceful climes above; from pain and grief to everlasting ease and tranquility. For the toils of virtue, I shall immediately receive its vast rewards; for the reproach of fools, the honour and applause of angels. In a few minutes I shall be higher than yonder stars, and brighter far than they. I shall range the boundless æther, and breathe the balmy *air of* paradise. I shall presently behold

ny glorious Maker, and sing hallelujahs to ny exalted Saviour.

And now come, ye bright guardians of ie just, conduct me through the unknown nd trackless æther, for you pass and re-ass the celestial road continually; you ave commission not to leave me till I ar-ive at Mount Sion, the heavenly Jeru-alem, the city of the living God: till come to the innumerable company of ngels, and the spirits of just men made erfect.

Hold out, faith and patience; it is but a ittle while, and your work will be at an nd; but a few moments, and these sighs nd groans shall be converted into everlast-ng hallelujahs; but a few weary steps, and he journey of life will be finished. One effort more, and I shall have gained the top of the everlasting hills, and from yonder bright summit shall presently look on the dangers I have escaped in my travels through the wilderness.

Roll faster on, ye lingering minutes; the nearer my joys, the more impatient I am to seize them; after these painful agonies, how greedily shall I drink in

immortal ease and pleasure; Break ye thick clouds; be gone ye envious and let me behold the glories ye ceal; let me see the promised land survey the happy regions I am in ately to possess. How long will ye pose between me and my bright sun tween me and the unclouded face of Look up my soul, see how sweetly reviving beams break forth! how dispel the gloom, and gild the sha death.

O blessed eternity! with what a ful splendour dost thou dawn on my With thee comes liberty, and peace love, and endless felicity: but pain sorrow, and tumult, and death, and ness, vanish before thee for ever. just upon the shores of those happy where uninterrupted day and eternal reside; yonder are the delectable hi harmonious vales which continually e the songs of angels. There the l fields extend their verdure, and the immortal groves ascend. But how zling is thy prospect, O city of G whom such glorious things are spoke thee, "there shall be no more nigh need of the sun or moon, for the thr

God, and of the Lamb, is in the midst of thee; and the nations that are saved shall walk in thy light, and the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honour into thee; and there the glorious Lord shall be to us a place of defence, a place of streams and broad rivers;" and the voice of joy and the shout of triumph, shall be heard in thee for ever.

There holy souls perpetual sabbaths keep,
And never are concern'd for food or sleep;
There new-come saints with wreaths of light are crown'd,
While ivory harps, and silver trumpets sound!
There flaming seraphs sacred hymns begin,
And raptur'd cherubs loud responses sing.

"My eyes shall there behold the King in his beauty; and oh! how ravishing will the aspects of his love be! What unutterable ecstasies shall I feel, when I meet those smiles which enlighten heaven, and exhilarate all the celestial regions; when I shall view the beatific glory, without one interposing cloud to eternity: when I shall drink my fill at the fountains of joy, and in those

rivers of pleasure that flow from his right hand for ever.

XXII.

A DEVOUT RESIGNATION OF SELF TO THE DIVINE POWER AND GOODNESS.

My all-sufficient friend, "my shield, and my exceeding great reward!" I have enough; unbounded avarice can covet nothing beyond thee; the soul whom thou dost not suffice deserves to be eternally poor. Thou art my supreme happiness, my voluntary choice: I took thy love for my treasure in that blessed day when I entered into covenant with thee, and became thine: I made no articles with thee for thy friendship, the honours, and pleasures of the world, but solemnly renounced them all, and chose thy favour for my single inheritance, leaving the conduct of my life entirely to thee.

These were my vows, and these I have
ften renewed; and shall I now retract
ch sacred obligations, and alter a choice
just and reasonable? Forbid it, gra-
ous God! let me never be guilty of such
adness. The world has often disap-
inted my most confident expectations,
t thou hast never deceived me. In all
r distresses I have found thee a certain
uge, "my shield, my fortress, my high
ver, my deliverer, my rock, and he in
om I trust." When there was none
save me, thy powerful hand has set me
e; thou hast redressed my grievances,
l dissipated my fears; thou hast brought
light out of obscurity, and turned my
kness into day.

When the world could afford me no-
ng but tempest and disorder, with thee
ave found repose and undisturbed tran-
ility. Thou hast been long my expe-
nced refuge, my unfailing confidence,
d I steadfastly depend on thee for my
ure conduct. I cannot err when guided
infinite wisdom. I must be safe in
e arms of eternal love, to which I hum-
y resign myself. Let me have riches or
verty, honour or contempt, whatever
mes from thy hand shall be thankfully

received. I would hear no voice but thine, nor make a step but where I am following thee.

If thou wouldst leave me to choose for myself, I would resign the choice again to thee, I dread nothing more than the guidance of my own blind desires: I tremble at the thoughts of such a fatal liberty; avert, gracious God, that miserable freedom! Thou foreseest all events, and at one single view dost look through eternal consequences; therefore do thou determine my circumstances, not to gratify my own wild desires, but to advance thy glory.

Thou hast an unquestioned right to dispose of me; I am thine by necessary ties and voluntary engagements, which I thankfully acknowledge and solemnly renew; deliberately and entirely I put myself into thy hands. Whatever interest I have in this world, I sacrifice to thee, and leave my dearest enjoyments to thy disposal, acknowledging it my greatest happiness to be guided by thee.

"Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" that thou who art

emely blessed and independently happy, uldst concern thyself with human af-s, and condescend to make our wants as h thy care as if mortal miseries could h thee, and interrupt immortal bles-ess! thou wouldst make us sensible thine indulgence by the most tender litudes; a father's gentle care but faint-adows thine, and all we can conceive uman pity falls short of thy compas-

Thou dost seem to share in our cala-s, and sympathize in all our grief. No d flies to our assistance with all the l that love brings thee: nor canst thou want methods to relieve those that con-in thee.

hy providence finds or makes its way ugh all oppositions; the streams shall back to their fountains, the sun shall l still, and the course of nature be sed, rather than thou want means to g thy purposes to pass. No obstacle a stand to thy designs, nor obstructs methods: it is thy will that makes re and necessity: who can stay thy l, or say unto thee, "What dost ?" Thy counsels shall stand, and wilt do all thy pleasure. Nothing possible for thee to accomplish: where-

ever I cast my eyes, I see instances of thy power: the extended firmament, the sun and stars, tell me what thou art able to perform: they attest thy omnipotence, and rebuke my unbelief. The whole creation pleads for thee, and condemns my infidelity.

Almighty God, forgive my diffidence, while I confess it is most inexcusable! thy hand is not shortened, nor are the springs of thy bounty sealed; thy ancient miracles have not exhausted thy strength, nor hath perpetual beneficence impoverished thee; thy power remains undiminished, and thy mercy endureth for ever. That dazzling attribute surrounds me with transporting glories: which way soever I turn, I meet the bright conviction; I cannot recal a day of my past life on which some signature of thy goodness is not stamped.

> Oh! who hath tasted of thy clemency
> In greater measure, or more oft than I?
> Which way soe'er I turn my face or feet,
> I see thy mercy and thy glory meet.

In whatever thou hast granted, or whatever thou hast denied me, thy beneficence

as been mingled with every dispensation;
ou hast not taken the advantage of my
llies, nor been severe to my sins, but
st remembered my frame, and treated me
ith the utmost indulgence. Glory be to
y name for ever!

XXIII.

REDEEMING LOVE.

Almighty Love! the theme of every
avenly song! infinite grace, the wonder
angels! forgive a mortal tongue that at-
npts thy praise; and yet should man be
ent, the mute creation would find a voice
upbraid him.

But, oh! in what language shall I speak?
ith what circumstances shall I begin?
all I roll back the volumes of eternity,
d begin with the glorious design that de-
rmined man's redemption before the birth
f time, before the confines of creation
ere fixed?

Infinite years before the day,
Or heav'ns began to roll?

Shall I speak in general of all the nations of the redeemed? or, to excite my own gratitude, shall I consider myself, my worthless self, included, by the eternal decree, among the number of those who should hear of a Redeemer's name, and be marked out a partaker of that immense privilege? Before the foundations of the hills were laid, the gracious design was formed, and the blessed plan of it schemed out before the curtains of the sky were spread.

Lord, what is man? what am I? what is all the human race, to be thus regarded? O narrow thoughts, and narrower words! here confess your defects; these are heights not to be reached by you. Adorable measures of infinite clemency! unsearchable riches of grace! with what astonishment do I survey you! I am swallowed and lost in the glorious immensity. All hail, ye divine mysteries! ye glorious paths of the unsearchable Deity! let me adore, though I can never express you.

Yet should I be silent, heaven and *earth*, nay hell itself would reproach me:

damned themselves would call me un-
teful, should I fail to celebrate that
ce whose loss they are for ever lament-
; a loss that leaves them for ever desper-
and undone.

Tis this grace which tunes the harps of
ven, and yields them an immortal sub-
of harmony and praise. The spirits
just men made perfect fix their con-
plations here; they adore the glorious
stery, and while they sing the won-
of redeeming love, they ascribe sublime
living honours to him that sits on the
one, and to the Lamb, for ever. And
nitely worthy art thou, O Lord, to re-
e the grateful homage. Who shall not
ise and magnify thy name? who shall
y the tribute of thy glory?

But, alas! what can mortal man add to
? what can nothingness and vanity
? We murmur from the dust, and
mpt thy praise from the depths of mi-
; yet thou dost condescend to hear
listen to our broken accents; amidst
hallelujahs of angels our groans as-
d to thee, our complaints reach thee;
n the heighth of thy happiness, and
n the exaltations of eternal glory, thou

his praises mingle with the han angels, nor interrupt the sacred . Those natives of heaven, those stars sing together in their heave titudes, nor disdain to let the earth and mortality join with celebrating the honour of Jesus, th and ours. To him be every tongu ed, and let every creature for ev him ! Amen.

XXIV.

PLEADING FOR PARDON HOLINESS.

Immortal spring of life, the fo all existence, the first and last, " beginning of days, or end of years the heavens were created thou v shalt remain unchanged, while t old and decay. Thou art infinit

a thyself, thy glory admits of no addi-
; the praises of angels cannot heighten
appiness, nor the blasphemies of hell
nish it. Thou canst do every thing,
thy power finds no obstacle. "Thou
est heaven and earth, the sea and the
tains of water; thou dost according
hy will in the armies of heaven, and
ngst the inhabitants of the earth;
holdest the waters in the hollow of
hand, and measurest out the heavens
a span: thou comprehendest the dust
the earth in a measure, and weighest
mountains in scales, and the hills in
alance; "thou coverest thyself with
as with a garment," and art sur-
ded with inaccessible splendour: "thou
glorious in holiness, fearful in praises;
heavens are not clean in thy sight,
thou chargest thine angels with fol-
what then is man, that drinketh in
uity like water? what is man, that
art mindful of him? or the son of
that thou dost visit him?" 'Tis
use thou art good, and thy mercy en-
th for ever; mercy is thy prevailing
bute. Thou art compassionate, and
itely gracious, and hast fully mani-
d thy love and beneficence to the race
en, in the glorious methods of our re-

demption from everlasting bond
death by thy son Jesus.

Therefore, with the lowest r
and most humble gratitude, I
prostrate myself before thee, ack
ing it my greatest honour, and u
privilege to approach the Lord,
myself before the high God; I
unworthy to utter thy tremendo
or once to lift up my eyes to heav
my own confusion I here confes
abused the mercy which I now
and injured that goodness and
ance by my sins which I am now
ing myself to. I have forfeited
benefits I ask, and despised thos
privileges which I am forced t
I can scarce use any motive but wh
carry it to my own condemnatio
I implore thy mercy by the gracio
of the new covenant, sealed by t
of thy eternal Son? Alas! t
cious covenant I have violated, a
faned its sacred seals: I have sinne
the clearest light, and the tenderes
ces of love: I have not only bro
obligations to thee as my Creator
stronger engagements of thy adopti
the glorious privileges of being

thy family, and numbered among the
ren of God.

it still those very circumstances that
avate my guilt, exalt thy mercy;
the freeness and magnificence of thy
: will display itself; here thou wilt
'er the indulgent title of a father in
enderest extent. I have no sins too
: for infinite clemency to pardon.
ı art God, and not man; and as the
ens are high above the earth, so high
hy ways of compassion above all hu-
methods.

dare not set bounds to thy goodness,
affirm, that thus far, and no farther,
e patience extends. Thou hast par-
d and restored me to thy favour too
. for me now to despair; my penitent
were never rejected, nor my humble
sts unanswered. I have always found
heavens open, and the throne of
accessible through the blood of a
emer. By his agony and bloody
t, by his cross and passion, by his
ul death and glorious resurrection, I
ore thy pardon: he has made a full
ment, and Divine Justice will de-
l no farther satisfaction. "To him

give all the prophets witness, that, through [illegible]h
his name, whosoever believes in his name, [illegible],
shall receive remission of sins."

O blessed Jesus! the hope of the gen[illegible].
tiles, the salvation of the ends of the earth [illegible],
the great Messiah, the promised Saviour [illegible],
who dost answer these glorious titles i[illegible]n
their utmost signification, to thee my cer[illegible].
tain, my experienced refuge, I fly: O So[illegible]n
of God, hear me; O Lamb of God, wh[illegible]o
takest away the sins of the world, ha[illegible]ve
mercy on me. O eternal Spirit, the pro-
mised Comforter, come with all thy sacred
consolations: come, and be as dew to the
drooping flowers, as rain to the parched
ground: oh! come with thy reviving light
and dispel the darkness that beclouds my
soul; break in like the sun after a melan-
choly night. One beam of thine would
melt this frozen, this obdurate heart, an
kindle in my soul the spark of holy lov
breathe upon my cold affections, and ra
them to a sacred flame.

Searcher of hearts! from whom not
is concealed, whose penetrating eyes
out hypocrisy in its darkest disguise;
knowest the desires of my soul, and a
impartial witness, that I kneel no

r the riches and honours of the world; at I am not prostrated before thee for ngth of days or pleasure; but that it is e kingdom of God, and the righteousness reof, that I seek. Give me not my rtion with the rich and great, but let me ve my humble lot with thy children? let e bear contempt and derision, and suffer proach with the children of God, rather an enjoy the pleasures of sin, which are t for a season.

Thy favour is the end of all my wishes, the constant subject of my prayer. Oh! thou whose ears are open to the wants of all thy creatures, who hearest the young ravens when they cry from their nest to thee, who givest the men of the world the transitory things they choose, wilt thou deny the desires which thou thyself dost inspire and approve? O let me be filled with that righteousness which I hunger and thirst after, and be satisfied with thy likeness. Thou canst not be diminished, whatever perfection thou dost communicate to the creature: endless liberality could not make thee poor.

I ask not privileges above the capacity of my nature, nor aspire to the perfection of

angels: I only beg that I may reach those heights of holiness and divine love, which souls, invested with a mortal body like mine, and encumbered with the same human passions, have attained. But in vain I strive to imitate those bright examples thou hast set before me; without thy assistance all my endeavours will prove unsuccessful. Thou knowest the frailty of my nature, and the mighty difficulties I have to encounter I have not only allurements of the world but all the stratagems of hell to contend with, and a treacherous heart within, ready on all occasions to betray me into sin and endless perdition: O let my impotence and danger awaken thy compassion.

Remember thy former benignity, O Lord, and let that engage thee to grant me new supplies of that grace by which alone I shall prove victorious. Thy bounty to any of the works of thy hands must always flow from the goodness of thy own nature; for what creature can pretend to merit any thing from thee? I would urge nothing but thy own infinite mercy, when I entreat thee not to let me perish, after the wonderful things thou hast done for my soul; after all the pledges thou hast given me of thy love, let not my follies provoke thee to for-

sake me; but remember thy covenant, and its gracious articles, and act according to thine own ineffable benignity, which has been the gracious motive of every favour I have received from thee.

XXV.

A TRANSPORT OF GRATITUDE FOR SAVING MERCY.

I bless a thousand times the happy day when first a beam of heavenly light broke in on my soul, when the day star from on high visited me, and the celestial light began to dawn! I welcomed its cheerful lustre, and felt the sacred influence; the flames of holy love awoke, and holy joys were kindled.

The earth and all its pageantry disappeared like clouds before the morning sun: the scenes of paradise were opened—seraphic pleasures, unutterable delights. All hail, I cried, you unknown joys, you un-

experienced pleasures! compared to you, what is all I have relished till now? what is earthly beauty and harmony? what is all that mortals call charming and attractive? I never lived till now; I knew no more than the name of happiness till now: I have been in a dream during all the days of my folly and vanity; but now I awake to the life of heaven-born spirits, and taste the joys of angels.

XXVI.

IMPORTUNATE REQUESTS FOR THE RETURN OF GOD TO THE SOUL.

Thou great and glorious, thou invisible and universal Being, art thou no nearer to be approached? or do I search thee amiss? is there a corner of the creation unvisited by thee, or any place exempt from thy presence? I trace thy footsteps through heaven and earth, but I cannot overtake thee.

> Why do I seek thee if thou art not here?
> Or find thee not if thou art every where?

Tell me, O my God, and my All, tell me where thou art to be found; for there is the place of my rest. What imaginable good can supply thy absence? Deprived of thee, all that the world could offer would be like a jest to a dying man, and provoke my aversion and disdain. 'Tis a God that I seek.

My wishes stoop not to a lower aim;
Thou, thou hast kindled this immortal flame
Which nothing could allay.

Adieu, adieu to all human things! Let me find my God, the end of all my wishes. Why dost thou keep back the face of thy throne? why do the clouds and sacred darkness conceal thee?

Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roll and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears,
Thro' all these various works of thine.

O thou fairer than all the works of thy hands! wilt thou ever hide thyself from a creature that loves and seeks thee with so intense desire? I appeal to thee, O Lord, are not my breathings after thee most hearty and unfeigned? does not my soul pant after thee with a fervour which cannot be extinguished, and a sincerity which cannot be disguised?

For thee I pine, and am for thee undone,
As drooping flow'rs that want their parent sun.

How do my spirits languish for thee! No similitude can express the vehemence

of my desires: wealth and glory, friends and pleasure, lose their names compared to thee. To follow thee I would leave them all behind: I would leave the whole creation, and bid the fields and sparkling skies adieu. Let the heavens and earth be no more, whilst thou endurest for ever I can want no support; my being itself, with all its blessedness, depends entirely on thee.

Place me far from the bounds of all creation, remote from all existence but thy own; in that ineffable solitude let me be lost; let me expatiate there for ever, let me run the endless rounds of bliss. But alas! I flatter myself in vain with scenes of unattainable happiness. I will search thee, then, where I hope thou mayest be found. I cast my eyes to the bright regions above, and almost envy the happy beings that see thy face unveiled; I search thee in the flowery meadows, and listen for thee among the murmuring springs; then silent and abstracted from human things. I search thee in holy contemplation. 'Tis all in vain: nor fields, nor floods, nor clouds, nor stars, reveal thee.

Ye happy spirits that meet his smiles, and hear his voice, direct a mournful wanderer, while I seek him whom my soul loves, while I sigh and complain, and cast my languishing eyes to yonder happy mansions. Fain would I penetrate the starry pavillions, and look through the separating firmament; oh! that thou wouldst divide the clouds, that thou wouldst rend the heavens, and give me one glimpse of thy glory, that thou wouldst display thy beauty, and, in the midst of these earthly scenes of amusing vanity, give me one moment's interval of celestial blessedness.

One look of mercy from thy eye,
  One whisper of thy voice,
Exceed a whole eternity
  Employed in carnal joys.

Could I the spacious earth command,
  Or the more boundless sea,
For one dear hour at thy right hand
  I'd give them both away.

If things were put into just balances, and computed aright, for the first mo-

ment of this satisfaction I am ready to say, the whole creation would be cheaply lost; how gladly would I resign all for such a bliss! Adieu to human things: let me find my God, the end of all my wishes; 'tis he whom I seek, 'tis he alone can satisfy my infinite desires. Oh! why dost thou withdraw? why thus long conceal thyself? where dost thou retire? Nor earth nor heaven reply to my repeated calls.

Let me invoke thee by every gracious title, My God, and the God of my fathers: "from one generation to another thou hast been our dwelling-place;" the claim has descended from age to age; thy covenant has been established with us and thy faithfulness remains unblemished. O forget not thy covenant, forget not the blessings entailed on me; forget not the prayers and tears by which my pious ancestors have engaged thy mercy for me; forget not their vows and solemn dedication of me to thee. Oh! recall thy ancient favours, and renew thy former mercy to a family which has been thine in a succession of ages.

Let me invoke thee now by a nearer propriety: My covenant God, my Father and my Friend! If by all those tender names I have ever known thee, forget me not. By those sacred engagments, O Lord, I entreat thy return. If all thy past favours were real, if all was waking bliss, and not a gay delusion, O restore my heaven again. Life of my soul, light of my eyes, return: come, and bring all thy sacred consolations: once again let me experience those holy joys that thy presence imparts: once again let me hear thy voice, and once again be blessed with thy smiles.

Oh! hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light,
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting night.

Blessed Saviour, in thee we behold the face of God as a reconciled Father; and dost thou withdraw thyself? O how welcome will thy return be! how like the breaking of immortal day will thy presence cheer me! how dearly shall I prize

my happiness! how fearful shall I be of every thing that would offend thee! how joyful in the blessed discovery and possession of thy love! I'd whisper my bliss to the listening streams and groves.

I'd carve thy passion on the bark,
And every wounded tree
Shall droop, and bear some mystic mark
That Jesus dy'd for me.

The swains shall wonder when they read,
Inscrib'd on all the grove,
That heav'n itself came down and bled
To win a mortal's love.

But why do I flatter myself with these delightful scenes? still I mourn and complain as one unpitied. What is life when thou art absent? Oh! return and bless me with thy presence, thou who knowest my distresses, and art not unacquainted with my secret cares. Thou who art the witness of my midnight sighs, and dost hear when at the dawning day I call thee; but still thou answerest not, and seemest deaf to my prayers. I am, 'tis true, a worthless wretch; but, vile as I am, thou

hast, in thy immense compassion, brought me into covenant with thee. My beloved is mine and I am his.

He is my sun, tho' he refuse to shine:
Tho' for a moment he depart,
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.

Nothing can break the sacred union: but for this confidence I were undone? but for this beam of hope I were lost in eternal darkness. "Why art thou disquieted, O my soul? and why art thou cast down within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise him for the light of his countenance;" I shall yet welcome his return, I shall yet hear his cheering voice, and meet his favourable smiles.

But why, O my God, this long suspence? Why do these intervals of night and darkness abide upon me, and torment my heart so long? Wilt thou deny a bliss so easily granted? I ask no more than is lawful for mortality to wish: I ask not the visions of angels here below, nor the beatitudes of perfected spirits; I ask but what thou hast

bid me seek, and given me hopes to obtain; I ask that sacred fellowship, that ineffable communion, with which thou favourest thy saints.

Oh! let me hear those heavenly whispers that give them the foretaste of immortal pleasure; let me be sensible of those divine approaches that kindle celestial ardour in their souls; let me meet those beams that darken all mortal beauty; let me enjoy, at this earthly distance, those smiles that are the bliss of angels in heaven. Though 'tis but darkly, and afar off, yet let me feel their influence, it will brighten the passage of life, it will direct me through its mazes, and gild its rough and gloomy paths; it will raise the flames of sacred love, it will waken the divine principle within me, and set it a glowing through all my powers. I abandon, I shall forget the vanities below, and the glories of the world will be no more; but while thou, O my God, hidest thy face, I lose my sun. I languish and die; yet to thee I will lift up my eyes, to thee I will lift up my soul.

Come. Lord, and never from me go:
This world's a darksome place;
I find no pleasure here below,
When thou dost veil thy face.

XXVII.

BREATHING AFTER GOD, AND WEARY OF THE WORLD.

Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has allur'd my eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.

If words can reach the heights of love and gratitude, let me pour out the secret ardour of my soul: O, let it not offend thy greatness that dust and vanity adores and loves thee. If thou hadst given me other capacities, and formed any thing more suitable to my wishes, I might have found a lower happiness, and been content with something below the infinite Deity: but

the scanty creation affords nothing to satisfy me, and I follow thee by a divine instinct and mere necessity of nature.

My life is useless, and my being insignificant without thee; my reason has no proper employment; love, the noblest passion of my soul, has no object to answer its dignity: I am reduced to absolute poverty; my nature is entirely ruined, I am lost, eternally lost, undone, and abandoned to despair, if I am deprived of thee. There can be no reparation made for an infinite loss; nothing can be instead of God to my soul.

I have willingly renounced all things else for thy sake: all the sentiments of tenderness and delight that my soul ever feels for any earthly object, is mere indifference, compared to my love for thee, and it grows into hatred when that object stands as thy rival or competitor. This is the conquering, the superior flame, that draws in and swallows up all the other ardours of my nature. My engagements with all terrestrial things are broken; the

names of father, of brother, or of friend, are no more; abstracted from thee, these tender titles give me neither confidence nor joy, and are mere insignificant names, but as thou dost give them an emphasis; they are nothing at all without thee; and with thee, what infinite good can be an addition?

The soul can hold no more, for God is all,
He only equals its capacious grasp,
He only overfills to spaces infinite.

Thou art my God, and I have enough: My soul is satisfied. I am entirely at rest. Divide the vain, the perishing creation to the miserable wretches that ask no other portion; let them, unenvied, possess the honours, and riches, and pleasures of the world; with a lavish hand divide them away: these things are but as the dust of the balance to the happy soul that knows what the light of thy countenance imports. After that, there can be no relish left for the low delights of mortality.

Lost in the high enjoyments of thy love,
What glorious mortals could my envy move?

Ye ineffable delectations of divine love, let me have no sentiment of pleasure left for you. My God revealing his glories and his graces in Jesus Christ his Son, is sufficient for my eternal entertainment.

What if all former ideas of visible things were wiped from my soul? what if I had no imagination, no memory, no traces left of any thing but the joys I have found in thy presence, and the assurance of thy everlasting favour? Those are the only past moments I recall with pleasure; and, oh! let all the vast eternity before me be spent in these satisfactions.

Vanish ye terrestrial scenes! fly away, ye vain objects of sense! I resign all those poor and limited faculties by which you are enjoyed; let me be insensible to all your impressions, if they do not lead me to my God. Let chaos come again, and the fair face of nature become an universal blank, let her glowing beauties all fade away, and those divine characters she wears be effaced, I shall be happy: the God of nature, and the original of all beauty, is my God.

What if the sun were extinguished in the skies, and all the etherial lamps had burnt out their golden flames: I shall dwell in light and immortal day, for my God will be ever with me. When the groves shall no more renew their verdure, nor the fields and vallies boast any longer their flowery pride; when all these lower heavens, and this earth, are mingled in universal ruin, and these material images of things are no more, I shall see new regions of beauty and pleasure for ever opening themselves in the Divine essence, with all their original glories.

But O how various, how boundless, how transporting will the prospect be! O when shall I bid adieu to phantoms and delusions, and converse with eternal realities! When shall I drink at the fountain-head of essential life and blessedness?

——————And then,
O what!—but ask not of the tongues of men,
For angels cannot tell.—Let it suffice,
Thyself, my soul shall feel thy own full joys.
And hold them fast for ever.

Oh! break my fetters, for I must be gone Bring my soul out of prison: I am straitened: the whole creation is too narrow for me: I sicken at this confinement, and groan and pant for liberty. How sweet are the thoughts of enlargement! My soul is already on the wing, and practises imaginary flights; I seem to reach the heaven of heavens, where God himself resides. It is good for me to be here.

But ah, how soon the clouds of mortal sense arise, and veil the charming vision!

Alas! what do I here in this waste and dreadful wilderness, this dismal region, where our delights are vanishing, and the very glimpses of future felicity we enjoy, are so soon overshaded and surrounded with real horrors? Alas! what do I here, wasting that breath in sighs and endless complaints that was given me to bless and praise the infinite Creator? Alas! what do I here among strangers and enemies, in this wild inhospitable place, far from my home and all the objects of my solid delight?

My wishes, hopes, my pleasures, and my love,
My thoughts, and noblest passions, are above.

What do I here in the dominions
death and sin, in the precincts and range
the powers of darkness? Here they
their toils and set their fatal snares; b
Lord, what part have they in me? I ha
bid defiance to the powers of darkness
thy strength, and renounced my share i
the vanities of the world. I am a subje
of another kingdom, and dare not ent
into any terms of peace and amity with t
irreconcileable adversaries of God and m
soul, which inhabit these treacherous a
sinful regions. "The friendship of t
world is enmity with God." Death
destruction are in its smiles; I stand
ıy guard, and am every moment in
er of surprise, oh! when will deliver
ome from on high!

——————When my soul,
O when shall thy release from cum'brous fle
Pass the great seal of heav'n? What happy h
Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and tr
The intellectual world!

What glorious scenes shall open when once this mortal partition falls, when these walls of clay shall totter and sink down into dust! Ye waters of life, ye torrents of immortal pleasure, how impetuously will you then roll in upon me, and swell and fill up all the capacities of joy in my nature! Every faculty shall then be filled, and every wish shall end in unutterable fruition. "When I awake into immortal light, I will be satisfied with thy likeness." These expressless desires will die into everlasting raptures: hope and languishing expectation will be no more, but present, complete, and unbounded satisfactions will surround me. My God, my God himself, shall be my infinite, my unutterable joy: all the avenues of pleasure shall be opened before me, the scenes of beauty and prospects of delight. "Everlasting joy shall be upon my head, and sorrow and sighing shall fly away for ever."

There will be no more intervals of grief and sin; sin, that insupportable evil, that worst, that heaviest burden. Here the painful and deadly pressure lies; it is this that

s as a weight on all my joys;
ks be to God, I can say, I since
st and hate this vilest of slaveries,
sed bondage of corruption: I long
e glorious liberty of the sons of God;
oan under this load of flesh, this burden
f mortality, this body of death.

But grant, O Lord! that I may with patience continue in well doing, and at last obtain glory and immortality through my Redeemer's righteousness. "Sanctify me through thy word of truth:" remember this request of my glorious advocate.

XXVIII.

PRAYER FOR SPEEDY SANCTIFICATION.

O Lord God, great and holy, all-sufficient, and full of grace, if thou shouldst bid me form a wish, and take whatsoever in heaven or earth I had to ask, it should not be the kingdoms of this world, nor the crowns of Princes; no, nor should it be the wreaths of martyrs, nor the thrones of archangels: my request is, to be made holy; this is my highest concern. Rectify the disorders sin has made in my soul, and renew thy image there; let me be satisfied with thy likeness. Thou hast encompassed my paths with mercy in all other respects, and I am discontented with nothing but my own heart, because it is so unlike the image of thy holiness, and so unfit for thy immediate presence.

Permit me to be importunate here, O blessed God, and grant the importunity of

my wishes ; let me be favoured with a gracious and speedy answer, for I am dying while I am speaking; the very breath with which I am calling upon thee, is carrying away part of my life; this tongue, that is now invoking thee, must shortly be silent in the grave; these knees that are bent to pay thee homage, and these hands that are now lifted to the most high God for mercy, must shortly be mouldering to their original dust: these eyes will soon be closed in death, which are now looking up to thy throne for a blessing. Oh! prevent the flying hours with thy mercy, and let thy favour outstrip the hasty moments.

Thou art unchanged, while rolling ages pass along; but I am decaying with every breath I draw; my whole allotted time to prepare for heaven is but a point, compared with thy infinite duration. The shortness and vanity of my present being, and the importance of my eternal concerns, join together to demand my utmost solicitude, and give wings to my warmest wishes. Before I can utter my present desires, the hasty opportunity perhaps is gone, the golden

minute vanished, and the season of mercy has taken its everlasting flight.

Oh! God of all Ages, hear me speedily, and grant my request while I am yet speaking; my frail existence will admit of no delay; answer me according to the shortness of my duration, and the exigence of my circumstances. My business, of high importance as it is, yet is limited to the present *now*, the passing moment; for all the powers on earth cannot promise me the next.

Let not my pressing importunity, therefore offend thee; my happinesss, my everlasting happines, my whole being is concerned in my success; as much as the enjoyment of God himself is worth, is at stake.

Thou knowest, O Lord, what qualifications will fit me to behold thee; thou knowest in what I am defective; thou canst prepare my soul in an instant to enter into thy holy habitation. I breathe now but the next moment may be death: let not that fatal moment come before I am pre-

pared. The same creating voice that s
" Let there be light, and there was ligh
can, in the same manner, purify and ad
my soul, and make me fit for thy own
sence; and my soul longs to be thus p
fied and adorned. O Lord, delay not,
every moment's interval is a loss to me, a
may be a loss unspeakable and irreparable
Thy delay cannot be the least advantage to
thee; thy power and thy clemency are as
full this present instant as they will be the
next, and my time as fleeting, and my
wants as pressing.

Remember, O eternal God, my lost time is for ever lost, and my wasted hours will never return, my neglected opportunities can never be recalled; to me they are gone for ever, and cannot be improved; but thou canst change my sinful soul into holiness by a word, and set me now in the way to everlasting improvement.

O let not the Spirit of God restrain itself, but bless me according to the fulness of thy own being, according to the riches of thy grace in Christ Jesus, according to thy infinite inconceivable love manifested in that

glorious gift of thy beloved Son, wherein the fulness of thy Godhead was contained; it is through his merit and mediation I humbly wait for all the unbounded blessings I want or ask for.

XXIX.

GRATITUDE FOR EARLY AND PECULIAR FAVOURS.

Let me trace back thy mercy, O my God, from the first early dawn of life, and bless thee for the privileges of my birth, that it was not in the land of darkness, where no ray of the gospel had ever darted its light; where the name of a Saviour never had reached my ears, nor the transporting tidings of redemption from eternal misery had ever blessed my soul.

But how shall I express my gratitude for that grace which ordained my lot in this happy land, one of the islands of which it was long since prophesied, "They shall

see thy glory, and trust in thy name? God has enlarged Japheth," even the islands of the sea, " and made him to dwell in the tents of Shem," in the inheritance of Abraham. I have my descent from the Gentiles, who were once " strangers to the covenant of grace, aliens from the common wealth of Israel;" but are now brought nigh by the blood of sprinkling. Jesus, the great peace-maker, hath brought both near to God and to each other.

I bless thee with all my powers for the privileges of my descent from pious ancestors; that thou hast been their dwelling-place from generation to generation, and hast not " taken thy loving-kindness from their seed nor suffered thy faithfulness to fail."

Thou hast extended thy mercy to me the last and least of all my father's house, unworthy to wipe the feet of the meanest of the servants of my Lord; and yet, by an absolute act of goodness, I am brought into thy family, and numbered with the children of God. Even so it has seemed good in

ıy sight, who " art gracious to whom hou wilt be gracious."

I might have been a vessel of wrath, a rophy to thy justice, instead of a monuıent of thy mercy: how unsearchable thy vays! how uncontrolled and free! Thou lidst regard me in my low estate, in more han my original guilt and misery: for I ıad improved the wretched stock, and been voluntary as well as a natural slave to sin ınd death.

From this ignominious slavery, thou, my reat Redeemer, hast ransomed me; hast ırought me into the glorious liberty of the ons of God. I was a stranger, and thou lidst take me in: naked, and thou hast :lothed me with the spotless robes of thy wn righteousness: I was hungry, and thou lidst feed me: thirsty, and thou didst give ne to drink of the fountain of life.

What am I, O Lord, and what is my ather's house, that thou hast dealt thus graiously with me, in entering into an everasting covenant, signed and sealed, even ensibly sealed to my soul by the witness

done thee more ser-
er acknowledgement to th
bounty?

Ye spirits of just men
ransomed nations, triump
struct me in the art of cel
tell me in what strains of
you express your gratitude
redemption, while in exa
sing "to him that love
in his own blood, and m
priests to God."

———000———

XXX.

PIRIRG AFTER THE VISION OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

beseech thee shew me thy glory. It
a mortal in a state of frailty and im-
ection that made this bold but pious
iest, which I repeat on different terms:
e none can see thy face and live, let me
to behold it. This is the only request
ve to make, and this will I seek after,
I may behold the beauty of the Lord;
as I have seen it in the sanctuary below,
in full perfection and splendour, as thou
seen by seraphs and cherubs, by angels
archangels, and the spirits of just men
e perfect.

) my God, forgive my importunity:
1 hast commanded me to love thee
1 all my heart, my soul my strength,
hast by thy Spirit kindled the sacred
ie in my breast. From this arises my
ent impatience: from hence the ar-

dour of my desires spring. Can I thee, and be satisfied at this distance thee? can I love thee, and not lon behold thee in perfect excellence and l ty! It is a crime to press forward t end for which I was created? Al wishes and my hopes of happiness terr in thee.

Does not the thirsty traveller pin some refreshing stream! would no weary be at rest, or the wretched ca be free? and shall not my thirsty, w captive soul, long for refreshment, lik and rest? I am but a stranger, a pi here, and have no abiding-place; th not my rest, my home; and yet if hast any employment for me, thougl meanest office in thy family, I will n pine at my stay,

But, O Lord, thou hast no need of worthless service, as I can pay thee angels are spirits, thy ministers flam fire: thousands of thousands stand b thee, and ten thousand times ten tho minister unto thee; they attend thy o and fly at thy command. O delive

from this burden of mortality, and I will serve thee with a zeal as pure and active as theirs.

I can speak of thy loving kindness to the children of men in a very imperfect manner; but then I will join with the celestial choir in praising thee, and rehearse to listening angels what thou hast done for my soul. Here I have a thousand interruptions from the delightful work, a thousand cold and darksome intervals; when my heart and tongue are both untuned, a thousand necessary distractions that rise from the miseries of mortality; but when these intervals of grief and sin shall cease, my soul shall dwell at ease, and be for ever glad, and rejoice in thy salvation.

XXXI.

A SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

Command me what thou wilt, O Lord, give me but strength to obey thee, be thy terms ever so severe. O let us never part. I resign my will, my liberty, my choice, to thee; I stand divested of the world, and ask only thy love as my inheritance. Give or deny me what thou wilt, I leave all the circumstances of my future time in thy hands; let the Lord guide me continually: here I am, do with me what seemeth good in thy sight; only do not say, Thou hast no pleasure in me.

Let me not live to dishonour thee, to bring a reproach on thy name, to profane the blood of the Son of God, and grieve the Spirit of grace. O take not thy loving kindness from me, nor suffer thy faithfulness to fail. Thou hast sworn by thy

liness, and thou wilt not lie to the seed thy servants; thou hast sworn, that the neration of the righteous shall be blessed; st me with this character, O my God, ad fulfil this promise to a worthless crea- ure.

XXXII.

TRUST AND RELIANCE ON THE DIVINE PROMISE.

O let not my importunity offend thee, for it is the importunity of faith; it is my stedfast belief in thy word that makes me persist; thy word and thy oath, "the two immutable things in which it is impossible for God to lie, give me strong consolation."

'Tis this that makes me press forward to thy throne, and with confidence lay hold on thy strength, thy wisdom, and thy

faithfulness, on thy goodness, and tender compassion; those glorious attributes, for which "the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. 'Tis thy glory to be the confidence of the ends of the earth, and it was long since predicted that "in thy name the gentiles should trust."

Kind guardian of the world, our heavenly aid,
To whom the vows of all mankind are paid ——

We pay thee the highest homage, and exalt thy infinite attributes by faith and confidence in thee.

I know that thou art, and believe thee "a rewarder of them that diligently seek thee" I will never quit my hold of thy promises, there I fix my hopes; I will not let a tittle go, nor part with a mite of the glorious treasure: I humbly hope I have a rightful claim: thou art my God, and the God of my religious ancestors, the God of my mother, the God of my pious father: dying and breating out his soul, he gave me to thy care; he put me into thy gracious

, and delivered me up to thy protec-
. He told me thou wouldest never
e nor forsake me; he triumphed in thy
g-experienced faithfulness and truth, and
'e his testimony for thee with his latest
ath.

And now, O Lord God of my fathers, hose mercy has descended from age to age, 'hose truth has remained unblemished and ıviolable, and whose love remains without .ecay; O Lord, the faithful God, and the rue, keeping covenant and mercy to a :housand generations, let me find that protection and blessing that the prayers of my dying father engaged for me: now in the time of my distress, be a present help: and if thou wilt this once deliver me, thou alone shalt be my future trust, my counsellor, and hope; to thee I will immediately apply myself, and look on the whole force of created nature as insignificant To thee I will devote all the blessings thou shalt give me; my time, my life, my whole of this world's goods; whatever share thou shalt graciously allot me shall surely be the Lord's.

O! hearken to the voice of my distress, and for thy own honour deliver me from this perplexity which thou knowest, and reveal to me the abundance of mercy and truth.

'Twas my dependance on thy promise and fidelity that brought me into this exigence; I staggered not at thy promises through unbelief, but boldly ventured on the credit of thy word: I took it for my security; and can the strength of Israel repent? canst thou break thy covenant, and alter the thing that is gone out of thy mouth?

" O God of Abraham, God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob! this is thy name for ever, and this thy memorial to all generations; the God before whom my fathers walked, the God that fed me all my life long till now, and the Angel that redeemed me from evil, bless me. Let the God of Jacob be my help, let the Almighty bless me; let the blessings of my father " prevail above the blessings of his progenitors, to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills."

ne according to thy own greatness,
g to the unsearchable riches of
ce in Christ Jesus: he is the spring
ny hope, in whom all the promises
are yea and amen; he is the true
ithful witness, and has by his death
the divine veracity, and is become
for the honour and faithfulness of the
high God. To this also the Holy
t, and the Spirit of truth, beareth wit-

)h! great Jehovah, Father Son, and
ly Ghost! the Lord God Omnipotent!
ır and grant my request for the glory
thy mighty name; that name which
ints and angels bless and love: let thy
rfections be manifested to the children
men: let them say, There is a God that
dgeth in the earth: let them confess
ou dost keep thy covenant with the seed
thy servants, that thy righteousness is
om age to age, and thy salvation shall
ver be abolished: let them see and ac-
nowledge, that in the fear of the Lord is
rong confidence, and his children have a
ace of refuge.

Unshaken as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be;
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

MEMORANDUM.

This act of faith in God was fully answered; and I leave my testimony, that "the name of the Lord is a strong tower, and he knoweth them that put their trust in him."

XXXIII.

APPLICATION TO THE DIVINE TRUTH.

However intricate and hopeless my present distress may be to human views, why should I limit the Almighty? or why should the Holy One of Israel limit himself? Nature and necessity are thine; thou speakest the word, and it comes to pass; no obstacle can oppose the omnipo-

tence of thy will, nor make thy designs ineffectual.

Is thy hand at all shortened since the glorious period when thy mighty power and thy stretched-out arm formed the heavens and the earth: when these spacious skies were spread at thy command, and this heavy globe fixed on its airy pillars?

> The strong foundations of the earth
> Of old by thee were laid;
> Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
> With wond'rous skill have made.

And "these shall wax old as a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:" but shouldst thou, like these, decay, where were the hopes of them that confide in thee? If in all generations thy perfections were not the same, what consolation could the race of men draw from the ancient records of thy wonderful works? why are we told, "thou didst divide the sea, to make a path for thy people through the mighty waters! that thou didst rain bread from heaven, and

dissolve the flinty rock in chrystal rills to give thy chosen nation drink?

Thou art he that distinguished Noah in the universal deluge, and preserved the floating ark amidst winds, and rains, and tumultuous billows.

'Twas thy protecting care that led Abraham from his kindred, and his native country, and brought him safely to the promised land.

Thou didst accompany Jacob in his journey to Paden-aram, and gave him bread to eat, and raiment to put on, till greatly increased in substance, he returned to his father's house: he wrestled for a blessing; he wrestled with the Almighty and prevailed.

With Joseph thou wentest down into Egypt, and didst deliver him out of all his adversities, till he forgot his sorrows, and all the toil of his father's house.

Thou didst remember thy people in the Egyptian bondage, and looked with pity-

ing eyes on their affliction; and, after four hundred and thirty years, on the very day thou hadst promised, didst release and bring them out with triumph and miracles. Thy presence went with them in a pillar of a cloud by day and a protecting fire by night: thy conquering hand drove out great and potent nations, and gave them entire possession of the land promised to their fathers; nor didst thou fail in the least circumstance of all the good things thou hast promised.

What a cloud of witnesses stand on record! Joshua and Gideon, Jephtha and Samson, who, through faith, obtained the promises.

Thou didst command the ravens to feed thy holy prophet; and at the word of a prophet, didst sustain the widow's family with a handful of meal.

Thou didst walk with the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace; thou wast present with Daniel in the lion's den to deliver him, because he trusted in thee.

In what instance has the prayer of faith been rejected? where were the righteous forsaken? who can charge God without

charging him foolishly? what injusti
been found in the Judge of all the
his glorious titles have stood unble
from generation to generation, nor c
of his perfections decay, or rollin
make a change in the Ancient of D

Are not his words clear and
without a double meaning, or the le
ceit? are they not such as may justly
my confidence? such as would sat
from the mouth of man, inconstan
whose breath is in his nostrils, and h
dation in the dust: unstable as wat
fleeting as a shadow? and can I so
assent to the words of the Most High
I trust impotent man, that has neither
nor might to accomplish his desigr
cannot call the next breath or mo
own, nor promise himself a momer
futurity? can I rest on these feebl
and yet tremble and despond when I l
veracity of the eternal God to sec
support me?

I know he will not break his co
nor suffer his faithfulness to fail: I
test it in the face of earth and hell:
stake my all for time and eternity
glorious truth, a truth which hell
blemish, nor all its malice contradict.

Exert yourselves ye powers of darkness; bring in your evidence, collect your instances, begin from the first generations; since the world was peopled, and men began to call on the name of the Lord, when did they call in vain? when did the Holy One of Israel fail the expectation of the humble and contrite spirit? Point out in your blackest characters the dismal period when the name of the Lord was no more a refuge to them that trusted in him; let the annals of hell be produced, let them mark the dreadful day, and distinguish it with eternal triumphs.

In vain you search; for neither heaven, nor earth, nor hell, have ever been witness to the least deviation from truth or justice: the Almighty shines with unblemished glory, to the confusion of hell, and the consolation of those that put their trust in him.

On thy eternal truth and honour I entirely cast myself: if I am deceived, angels and archangels are deluded too; they, like me, have no dependance beyond the divine veracity for their blessedness and immortality; they hang all their hopes on his goodness and immutability; if that fail, the celestial paradise vanishes, and all its glories are extinct; the golden palaces sink, and the seraphic

thrones must totter and fall. Where are your crowns, ye spirits elect? where are your songs and your triumphs, if the truth of God can fail? A mere possibility of that, would darken the fields of light, and turn the voice of melody into grief and lamentation.

What pangs would arise even through all the regions of blessednes? what diffidence and fear would shake the heart of every inhabitant! what agonies surprise them all, could the word of the most high God be cancelled! the pillars of heaven might then tremble, and the everlasting mountains bow; the celestial foundations might be removed from their place, and that noble structure of the hands of God be chaos and eternal emptiness.

But for ever "just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints: blessed are all they that put their trust in thee;" for thou art a certain refuge in the day of distress, and under the shadow of thy wings I will rejoice. "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, and triumph in his salvation: I called on him in my distress, and he has delivered me from all my fears." Hallelujah.

Here I dismiss my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up.
And make my God my all.

XXXIV.

LORY TO GOD FOR SALVATION BY JESUS AND HIS BLOOD.

Let me give glory to God before I die, and ce shame and confusion to myself. I ascribe y salvation to the free and absolute good- ss of God: not by the strength of reason, any natural inclination to virtue, but by the grace of God I am what I am." O my deemer, be the victory, be the glory thine! xpect eternal life and happiness from thee, t as a debt, but a free gift, a promised act bounty. How poor would my expecta- ns be, if I only looked to be rewarded ac- rding to those works which my own va- ty, or the partiality of others, have called od, and which, if examined by the divine rity, would prove but specious sins! As ch, I renounce them.: pardon them, gra- ous Lord, and I ask no more; nor can I pe for that, but through the satisfaction hich hath been made to divine Justice for e sins of the world.

O Jesus, my Saviour, what harmony wells in thy name! celestial joy, immortal fe is in the sound!

harps ; let the redeem
magnify it.

O my propitious Sa
hopes but for thee ? H
done, were my circ
myself in every view
and contempt. I v
misery and sin, an
altogether vanity.
tages I can boast, I
to appear before u
thou in whose name
refuge in that awful
my only confidence
of sprinkling, let th
upon me. Cleanse r
and my contracted
with the robes of th

mingled with levity and irreverence; my charity to man with pride and ostentation. Some latent defect has attended my best actions, and those very things, which, perhaps, have been highly esteemed by men, have deserved contempt in the sight of God.

When I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour, contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord. that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God,
All the vain things that charm me most.
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

April 30, 1735.

XXXV.

A REVIEW OF DIVINE MERCY AND FAITHFULNESS.

I am now setting to my seal that God is true, and leaving this as my last testimony to the divine veracity. I can from numerous experiences assert his faithfulness, and witness to the certainty of his promises, "The word of the Lord has been tried, and he is a buckler to all those that put their trust in him."

"O come all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he has done for my soul;

I will ascribe righteousness to my Maker," and leave my record for a people yet unborn, that the generation to come may rise up and praise him.

Into whatever distress his wise providence has brought me, I have called on the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears; I trusted in God, and he saved me. Oh! let my experience stand a witness to them that hope in his mercy; let it be to the Lord for a praise and a glory.

I know not where to begin the recital of thy numerous favours. Thou hast hid me in the secret of thy pavilion, from the pride of man, and from the strife of tongue, when by a thousand follies I have merited reproach: thou hast graciously protected me, when the vanity of my friends or the malice of my enemies, might have stained my reputation: thou hast covered me with thy feathers, and under thy wings have I trusted: thy truth has been my shield and my buckler; to thee I owe the blessing of a clear and unblemished name, and not to my own conduct, nor to the partiallity of my friends. Glory be to thee, O Lord!

Thou hast led me through a thousand labyrinths, and enlightened my darkness. When shades and perplexity surround me, my light

as broke forth out of obscurity, and my
arkness been turned into noon-day. Thou
ast been a guide and a father to me. When
knew not where to ask advice, thou hast
iven me unerring counsel: "The secret of
ie Lord has been with me, and he has
iewn me his covenant.

In how many seen and unseen dangers
ast thou delivered me! how narrow my
ratitude! how wide thy mercy! how in-
umerable are thy thoughts of love! how in-
inite the instances of thy goodness! how
igh above the ways and thoughts of man!

How often hast thou supplied my wants,
nd by thy bounty confounded my unbelief!
hy benefits have surprised and justly re-
roached my diffidence: my faith has often
ailed, but thy goodness has never failed.
The world and all its flatteries have failed,
ny own heart and hopes have failed, but thy
nercy endures for ever, thy faithfulness has
iever failed.

The strength of Israel has never deceived
ne, nor made me ashamed of my confidence.
Thou hast never been as a deceitful brook,
or as waters that fail, to my soul.

In loving kindness, in truth, and in very
faithfulness, thou hast afflicted me. Oh!

how unwillingly hast thou seemed to grieve me! with how much indulgence has the punishment been mixed! Love has appeared through the disguise of every frown; its beams have glimmered through the darkest night; by every affliction thou hast been still drawing me nearer to thyself, and removing my carnal props, that I might lean with more assurance on the Eternal Rock.

Thy love has been my leading glory from the first intricate steps of life: the first undesigning paths I trod were marked and guarded by the vigilance of thy love: oh! whither else had my sin and folly led me.

How often have I tried and experienced thy clemency, and found an immediate answer to my prayers: Thou hast often literally fulfilled thy word: I have a fresh instance of thy faithfulness again: thou hast made me triumph in thy goodness, and given a new testimony to the veracity of thy promises.

And, after all, what ingratitude, what insensibility, reigns in my heart! Oh! cancel it by the blood of the covenant: root out this monstrous infidelity that still returns after the fullest evidence of thy truth. Thou hast graciously condescended to answer me in thy own time and way, and yet I am again

doubting thy faithfulness and care. Lord, pity me! I believe; O help my unbelief! Go on to succour, go on to pardon, and at last conquer my diffidence. Let me hope against hope, and in the greatest perplexity give glory to God, by believing what my own experience has so often found, "That the strength of Israel will not lie; nor is he as man, that he should repent."

While I have memory and thought, let his goodness dwell on my soul, Let me not forget the depth of my distress, the anguish and importunity of my vows: when every human help failed, and all was darkness and perplexity, then God was all my stay. Then I knew no name but his, and he alone knew my soul in adversity. Bless the Lord, O my soul and forget not all his benefits!

Long as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, and God of love:
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright worlds above.

I have yet a thousand and ten thousand deliverances to recount, ten thousand unasked for mercies to recall! no moment of my life has been destitute of thy care; no accident has found me unguarded by thy watchful eye, or neglected by thy providence. Thou hast been often found unsought by my

ungrateful heart, and thy favours have surprised me with great and unexpect advantages: thou hast compelled me to receive the blessings my foolish humour despised, and my corrupt will would fain have rejected. Thou hast stopped thy ears to the desires which would have ruined and undone me, when I might justly have been left to my own choice, for the punishment of my many sins and follies. How great my guilt! how infinite thy mercy!

Hitherto God has helped, and here I set up a memorial to that goodness which has never abandoned me to the malice and stratagems of my infernal foes, nor left me a prey to human craft or violence. The glory of his providence has often surprised me, when groping in thick darkness. With a potent voice he has said, "Let there be light, and there was light." He has made his goodness pass before me, and loudly proclaimed his name, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious." To him be glory for ever. Amen.

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XXXVI.

SOME DAILY EXPERIENCES OF THE GRACIOUS METHODS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

To me, the least and most unworthy of all the servants of the Lord.

FIRST WEEK.*

I. Every day's experience reproaches my unbelief, and brings me some new evidence of thy faithfulness. Thou hast dispelled my fears, and, to the confusion of my spiritual foes, thou hast heard the voice of my distress. But a few hours ago I was trembling, and doubting, if thou wast indeed a God hearing my prayer; and now I have a fresh instance of thy goodness, which, with a grateful heart, I here record May the sense of thy benefits dwell for ever on my soul!

II. Thy mercies are new every morning; again thou hast given me an instance of thy truth. "I trusted in God, and he has delivered me: I will love the Lord, because he has heard the voice of my supplication; therefore will I call upon him as long as I live."

* The division of these meditations into sevens, by the pious writer, seems to tell us, that these were the devout thoughts of six weeks of her life.

III. "As for God, his way is perfect: the word of the Lord is tried: he is a buckler to all that put their trust in him." He has punctually fulfilled the word on which I relied: bless the Lord, O my soul.

IV. Thy bounty follows me with an unwearied course: language is too faint to express thy praise: no eloquence can reach the subject. My heart is warm with the pious reflection, I look upward, and silently breathe out the unutterable gratitude that melts and rejoices my soul: I staggered at thy promise through unbelief, and yet thou hast graciously performed thy words. If we sometimes doubt or faulter in our faith, yet he abideth faithful who has promised.

V. With the morning light my health and peace are renewed: The cheering influence of the sun, and the sweeter beams of the divine favour, shine on my tabernacle. Lord why me? why am I a ransomed, pardoned sinner? Why am I rejoicing among the instances of sovereign grace and unlimited clemency?

VI. I boasted in thy truth, and thou hast not made me to be ashamed: my infernal foes are confounded, while my faith is crowned with success.

> Oh! who hath tasted of thy clemency
> In greater measure, or more oft than I?

VII. As the week began, so it ends with a series of mercy: language and numbers fail to reckon thy favours, but this shall be my eternal employment.

When nature fails, the day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever thankful soul, O Lord,
Thy goodness shall adore.

SECOND WEEK.

I. I have seen the goings of God my King in his sanctuary; but O how transient the view! My sins turned back thy clemency, and yet I can celebrate the wonders of forgiving grace.

II. What do I owe thee, O thou great Preserver of men, for easy and peaceful sleep, for nights unmolested with pain and anxiety.

Thou round my bed a guard dost keep;
Thine eyes are open while I sleep.

Not a moment glides in which I am unguarded by thy gracious protection.

III. Thanks be to God, who has given me the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ. Thou didst deliver me from the snare of the fowler, the craft and malice of hell, and kept me back from sinning against thee: be thine the victory and praise. Hallelujah.

IV. "O Lord God of Israel, happy is the man that putteth his trust in thee." I left my

burden at thy feet, and thou hast sustained me; my cares are dissipated, my desires are answered. "O who is a God like unto thee, near unto all that call on thee?"

V. Thy strength is manifest in weakness: "Not unto me, O Lord, but to thee, be all the glory."

For ever thy dear charming name
Shall dwell upon my tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The theme of every song.

This shall be my employment through an eternal duration: 'tis that alone can measure my gratitude. The Lord Jehovah is my strength and salvation, he also shall be my song.

VI. Every day's experience confirms my faith, and brings a fresh evidence of thy goodness. Thou hast dispelled my fears, and to the confusion of my spiritual foes, hearkened to the voice of my distress.

VII. I will love the Lord, who has heard my supplications. I made my boast in his faithfulness, and he has answered all my expectations.

THIRD WEEK.

I. My last exigence will be the closing part of life. Oh! remember me then, my God. Thou who hast led me hitherto, forsake me

not at last. Be my strength when nature fails, and the flame of life is just expiring; let thy smiles cheer my gloomy hour! oh, then let thy gentle voice whisper peace and ineffable consolation to my soul.

II. In six and seven troubles thou hast delivered me, "and been a covert from the tempest, a hiding-place from the wind." Hitherto God has helped, and I have dwelt secure; and here I leave a memorial to thy praise, a witness against all my future distrust of thy faithfulness and truth.

III. Every day of my life increases the sum of thy mercies: the rising and the setting sun, in its constant revolution, can witness the renewal of thy favours. Thou wast graciously present in an imminent danger; by thee my bones have been kept entire, and thou hast not suffered me to dash my feet against a stone.

IV. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who heals thy diseases, and pardons all thy sins." O thou, the great Physician of my body as well as of my distempered soul, thou hast restored and saved me from death and hell. Blessed Jesus, thou hast "taken my infirmities, and borne my sick-

sses; the chastisement of my peace
)on thee, and by thy stripes I am heal

V. I subscribe to thy truth, O Lor
ttest it in contradiction to infernal ma
:o all the hellish suggestions that would te
my heart to diffidence and unbelief, e
against repeated experience, against
fullest evidence of the divine veracity.

VI. Oh! thou who never slumberest,
sleepest, this night thy watchful care
kept me from a threatening danger;
eyes were open while I was sleeping, sec
beneath the covert of thy wings.

VII. Another and a greater deliverance h
crowned the day: I have found thy gr
sufficient in an hour of temptation:
strength has been manifest in my weakn
Thine was was the conquest, be the cr
and the glory thine for ever. By thee I
triumphed over the stratagems of hell;
unto me, but to thy name be the prai
Lord."

FOURTH WEEK.

I. 'Tis not one of a thousand of
vours I can record: but eternity
me, and that unlimited duration sha
ployed to rehearse the wonders of t
Then in the great assembly I w
thee, I will declare thy faithfulnes

to listening angels what thou hast done for my soul, even for me, the least in the family, unworthy to wipe the feet of the meanest of the servants of the Lord.

II. How numberless are thy thoughts of love to my soul; if I should count them, they are more than the sand on the shore. Thou hast again reproved my unbelief, and given me a new conviction that my whole dependence is on thee; that second causes are nothing, but as thou dost give them efficacy; all nature obeys thee, and is governed at thy command.

III. O my God, I am again ready to distrust thee, and call in question thy faithfulness, Oh! how deep has the cursed weed of infidelity rooted itself in my nature; but thou canst root it out.

IV. Again I must begin the rehearsal of thy mercies, which will never have an end; for thou dost renew the instances of thy goodness to a poor ungrateful sinner. Thou hast punctually fulfilled the promise on which I depended; thou hast granted the request of my lips, and led me in a plain way, that I have not stumbled.

V. This day I have received an unexpected favour; I doubted the success indeed, but thou hast gently rebuked my unbelief, and convinced me that all things are possible

with thee, and that the hearts of the children of men are in thy hands.

VI. Whether thou dost favour or afflict me, I rejoice in the glory of thy attributes, in whatever instance they are displayed. Be thy honour advanced, whether in mercy or in justice, I must still assert the equity of thy ways, and ascribe righteousness to my Maker. Yet let me plead with thee, O my God. Since mercy is thy darling attribute, oh! let it now be exalted; deal not with me in severity, but indulgence: for if thou shouldst mark what is amiss, who can stand before thee?

VII. Thou dost heal my diseases and renew my list; thou art the guardian of my sleeping and my waking hours. Glory to my God, whose eyes never slumber

FIFTH WEEK.

I. Thou knowest my secret grief, where my pain lies, and what are my doubts and difficulties. In thy wonted clemency, O Lord, dispel my darkness; leave me not to any fatal delusion in an affair of everlasting moment. This is my hour of information and practice: beyond the grave no mistake can be rectified; as the tree falls, so it must for ever lie.

II. Thy goodness still pursues me, O heavenly Father, with an unwearied course; new instances of thy faithfulness reproach my unbelief. I sent up my petition with a doubting heart, and yet thou hast graciously deigned to encourage my weak and staggering faith, which has often wavered and failed; even in the view of the brightest evidence of thy power and truth.

III. Thou dost seem resolved to leave my unbelief without excuse, by renewing the glorious conviction of thy clemency and truth. O let not the unworthiness of the object turn back thy benignity from its natural course.

IV. How many unrecorded mercies have glided along with my fleeting moments into thoughtless silence, and long oblivion! How prone is my ungrateful heart to forget thy benefits or (oh! amazing guilt) to make an ungrateful return!

V. Oh! never let my false heart relapse into distrust and unbelief again! thou hast rebuked my folly, and put a new song of praise into my mouth: let those infernal suggestions vanish that would once object against thy oft experienced truth. In this I would still triumph, and insult all the malice of hell. A time will come when thou shalt be glorified in thy saints, when thy truth and faith-

fulness shall appear in full splendour, when the beauty of thy attributes shall be conspicuous and clear from every blemish that the impiety of men, or the malice of devils, have charged on thy most righteous providence.

VI. Let me still assert that the ways of God are perfectly just and true: I have a fresh instance of thy goodness to boast, and yet my ungrateful heart is even now ready to distrust. The Lord increase my faith: let thy renewed favours silence my unbelief, "to shew that the Lord is upright; he is my Rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him."

VII. Teach me your language, ye ministers of light, that I may express my wonder and gratitude O thou, who canst explain the secret meaning of my soul, take the praise that human words cannot express; accept those unutterable attempts to praise thee.

SIXTH WEEK.

I. Let me go on, O most Holy to record thy faithfulness and truth; let it be engraven in the rock for ever; let it be impressed on my soul, and impossible to be effaced. What artifice of hell is it that so often tempts me to distrust thee, and joins with my native depravity to question thy truth?

II. Oh! may I never forget this remarkable preservation; thy gentle hand supported

me, and underneath were thy everlasting arms. "Thou hast kept all my bones, not one of them is broken: thy mercy upheld me even when it foresaw my insensibility and ingratitude. How does my guilt heighten thy clemency! How wondrous is thy patience, O Lord, and thy rich grace, that only gently rebuked me, when thou mightest have taken severe vengeance on my sins.

III. Again I must begin the rehearsal of thy love. Thou hast eased my pain, scattered my fears, and lengthened out my days. Oh! may my being be devoted to thee, let it be for some remarkable service that I am restored to health again.

IV. I find thy mercies renewed with my fleeting days, and to rehearse them shall be my glad employment; I trusted thee with my little affairs, and thou hast condescended to give me success. Lord, what is man, that thou thus graciously regardest him? Even my sins my hourly provocations, cannot be a check to the course of thy beneficence: it keeps on its conquering way against all the oppositions of my ingratitude and unbelief: and hast thou not promised, O Lord, it shall run parallel with my life, and measure out my days?

V. Jesus, my never-failing trust, I called on thy name, and thou hast fully answered

my hopes; let thy praises dwell on my tongue, let me breathe thy name to the last spark of life. Thou hast scattered my fears and been gracious beyond all my hopes; my faint and doubting prayers have not been rejected; but, oh! how slow are my returns of praise, how backward my acknowledgements!

VI. Never have I trusted thee in vain: Lord, increase my faith: confirm it by a continued series of thy bounty; add this favour to the rest; for faith is the gift of God, an attainment above reason or nature. I am now waiting for the accomplishment of a promise? O shew me thy mercy and truth: add this one instance to the rest, and for ever silence the suggestions of hell, and my own infidelity.

VII. How rooted is this cursed principle of unbelief, that can yet distrust thee after so many recorded instances of thy love! How long will it be ere my wavering soul shall entirely confide in thy salvation? Oh! my God, pity my weakness, give new vigour to my faith, and let me take up my rest in thee for ever.

THE END.

R. Heming, Printer, Alcester.